THE

READER,

OR

RECITER:

BY THE ASSISTANCE OF WHICH

ANY PERSON MAY TEACH HIMSELF TO READ OR RECITE

ENGLISH PROSE

WITH THE UTMOST ELEGANCE AND EFFECT.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED,

INSTRUCTIONS

FOR

READING PLAYS.

ON A PLAN NEVER BEFORE ATTEMPTED.

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AFTER the multifarious methods to improve the art of reading and ſpeaking have almoſt wholly failed to accompliſh the end propoſed, it will not be ſurpriſing that another attempt, new in its principles, is now offered to the Public for the purpoſe of aſſiſting in the melioration of that which carries with it ſo much real importance. The principal object of thoſe who have hitherto written upon the ſubject, appears to have been that of marking the ſeveral points of punctuation with an equability of pauſes, pointing out the emphatic word, and in fact labouring to make the reader uniformly accurate, while the ſpirit and animation of elocution are entirely neglected. To amend this defect, or rather to perform that which has been unattempted by them, is the intent of the following ſheets. There is a certain glow and ſpirit of expreſſion to be found in moſt of the productions of Engliſh Authors of eminence, that if kept alive

alive in the delivery, a ſentence will be thereby impreſſed upon the mind with irreſiſtible effect; but if neglected, every word that is uttered will ſound frigidly inanimate; and, although correctneſs be ſtrictly attended to, ſtill all will ſeem dull, tame, and inſipid. How far the ſyſtem, if it can be ſo termed, which is adopted in theſe pages will anſwer the purpoſe intended, that of infuſing into the reader the proper portion of animation which belongs to each Author, muſt be left to be proved. If the ſcholar's object be only that of rendering himſelf correct, he muſt follow the inſtructions laid down by the late Mr. SHERIDAN, and others in the ſame way; but if theſe have already been purſued by him, and he ſtill find himſelf deficient of that attractive power to engage the attention, and afford gratification to himſelf and thoſe who are his hearers, he may, in all probability, gain ſome advantage by attentively peruſing the plan purſued in the following ſmall Volume.

THE READER, OR RECITER.

FEW proſe productions with which we are acquainted, poſſeſs more ſituations where a reader of taſte and judgment may exert his powers with greater effect, than the one we are going to preſent him. There is a peculiar harmony and ſmoothneſs of diction throughout moſt parts of it, and the different pictureſque ſcenes and changes with which it abounds, if well marked in the reading, give infinite pleaſure to a hearer.

The intervening obſervations, which, conformably to our plan, we are compelled to introduce in the ſeveral pieces of writing we purpoſe giving, in order to exemplify our meaning, will at the beginning of our work be unavoidably numerous. Theſe, of courſe, will leſſen as we advance; for when we have ſufficiently impreſſed on the mind of the reader the neceſſity of adopting a particular

mode of delivery in particular ſituations, we ſhall, in ſimilar places, leave him to exerciſe his own judgment without any aſſiſtance from us.

Be ſmooth, diſtinct, and harmonious in your delivery at the commencement of the following Eſſay.

AN EASTERN STORY.

From the RAMBLER.

OBIDAH, the ſon of Abenſina, left the caravanſera early in the morning, and purſued his journey through the plains of Indoſtan. (*Be now a little warm and animated in your expreſſion.*) He was freſh and vigorous with reſt; he was animated with hope; he was incited by deſire; (*Now look as if you were viewing the ſcene deſcribed.*) he walked ſwiftly over the vallies, and ſaw the hills gradually riſing before him. (*You muſt glow with the writer, in your expreſſion, as you proceed with this enchanting deſcription.*) As he paſſed along, his ears were delighted with the morning ſong of the bird of paradiſe, he was fanned by the laſt flutters of the ſinking breeze, and ſprinkled with dew by groves of ſpices; (*Let your tone be now more powerful, in order to create a contraſt that follows, of great beauty. Mark particularly the word* 'towering.') he ſometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; (*Here comes the contraſt alluded to—Be peculiarly ſoft*

ſoft and gentle in your voice to the end of the colon.) and ſometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primroſe, eldeſt daughter of the ſpring: (*Conclude the ſentence with a glow of ſatisfaction.*) all his ſenſes were gratified, and all care was baniſhed from his heart.

Thus he went on 'till the ſun approached his meridian, and the encreaſing heat preyed upon his ſtrength; he then looked round about him for ſome more commodious path. He ſaw on his right hand, a grove that ſeemed to wave its ſhades, as a ſign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolneſs and verdure irreſiſtibly pleaſant. (*In deſcriptions be equally deſcriptive in your manner of reading them. When you mention the ſun as above, caſt your eyes upward; and give a look as if you diſcovered the grove, when you read,* 'He ſaw on his 'right hand a grove,' &c. *Your fore-finger pointed at the ſame time will produce a good effect.*) He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the ſame direction with the main road, and he was pleaſed that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleaſure with his buſineſs, and to gain the rewards of diligence without ſuffering its fatigues. He, therefore, ſtill continued to walk for a time, without the leaſt remiſſion of his ardour, except that he was ſometimes tempted to ſtop by the muſic of the birds, whom the heat aſſembled in the ſhade; and ſometimes amuſed himſelf with pluck-

ing the flowers that grew on either ſide, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. (*Soften your voice from the words* 'except that he was,' *&c.*) At laſt the green path began to decline from its firſt direction, and to wind among hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls. (*The latter part of this ſentence, from the words* 'cooled with,' *&c. ſoft and harmonious. A proper obſervance of this light and ſhade in reading, will always prevent monotony, an error of all others the moſt inſufferable.*) Here Obidah pauſed for a time, and began to conſider, whether it were longer ſafe to forſake the known and open road; but remembering that the heat was now in its greateſt violence, and that the plain was duſty and uneven, he reſolved to purſue the new path, which he ſuppoſed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at laſt in the common road. (*Let your method of reading the commencement of this ſentence have ſomething of deliberation, as if poſſeſſing a little doubt of the propriety of continuing in the new path deſcribed.*)

Having thus calmed his ſolicitude, he renewed his pace, though he ſuſpected that he was not gaining ground. This uneaſineſs of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every ſenſation that might ſooth or divert him. He liſtened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a freſh proſpect, he turned aſide to every caſcade, and pleaſed himſelf with tracing the courſe

of

of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. (*Uſe but little action in reading, and take care to let that little be graceful, and ſuitable to the ſentiment.*) In theſe amuſements the hours paſſed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not to what point to travel. He ſtood penſive, and confuſed, afraid to go forward leſt he ſhould go wrong, yet conſcious that the time of loitering was now paſt. (*In your manner of reading the foregoing, there muſt be ſomething of uneaſineſs and perplexity; your brow a little knit; and be rather deliberate and heſitating in your expreſſion, in the laſt ſentence.*) While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the ſky was overſpread with clouds, the day vaniſhed from before him, and a ſudden tempeſt gathered round his head. (*Here the whole ſcene begins to change. Your voice and look muſt keep pace with the alteration. When you pauſe, your contracted brow muſt ſtill continue, as you thus prepare the hearer for the awful contraſt that is to follow. In the laſt ſentence, from the words* 'the 'ſky was overſpread,' *&c. to the end, look upward, and aſſume a tone of awe and ſolemnity.*) He was now rouſed by his danger to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now ſaw how happineſs is loſt when eaſe is conſulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to ſeek ſhelter in the grove, and deſpiſed the petty curioſity that led him on from trifle to

trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation. (*Look upward in ſpeaking, from the words* 'the air grew blacker,' *&c. in the latter part of the laſt ſentence, and deliver the concluſion of it, particularly the words* 'a clap of thunder,' *with the moſt impreſſive ſolemnity.*)

He now reſolved to do what remained yet in his power, to tread back the ground which he had paſſed, and try to find ſome iſſue where the wood might open into the plain. He proſtrated himſelf on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. (*Deliver the latter ſentence with great fervent reverence and reſpect.*) He roſe with confidence and tranquillity, and preſſed on with his ſabre in his hand, for the beaſts of the deſart were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of darkneſs and ſolitude ſurrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills. (*There is ſomething peculiarly frightful and terrific in this deſcription. Your looks muſt expreſs much fear and apprehenſion, and your voice aſſume a low, full, and ſolemn tone, to give it its due effect.*)

Thus forlorn and diſtreſſed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to ſafety or to deſtruction. At length not fear but labour began to overcome him; his breath

grew

grew ſhort, and his knees trembled; and he was on the point of lying down in reſignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. (*Point your fore-finger obliquely, as if to the object diſcovered, from the words* 'when 'he beheld,' &c.) He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admiſſion. The old man ſet before him ſuch proviſions as he had collected for himſelf, on which Obidah fed with eagerneſs and gratitude. (*Let your tone be full and deep, and your expreſſion ſlow and deliberate, in reading what the hermit ſays.*)

When the repaſt was over, "Tell me," ſaid the hermit, "by what chance thou haſt been brought "hither; I have been now twenty years an inha- "bitant of the wilderneſs, in which I never ſaw "a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation. (*The preceding obſervation, that Obidah related what happened to him, muſt, of courſe, be read in a different key from that in which the hermit ſpeaks; but you muſt now re-aſſume it. Take care to preſerve that ſlowneſs and deliberation we before recommended.*)

"Son," ſaid the hermit, "let the errors and "follies, the dangers and eſcape of this day "ſink deep into thy heart. Remember, my ſon, "that human life is the journey of a day." (*The laſt ſentence contains a compariſon the truth of which*

is afterwards proved by the author. You ought to read it in ſuch a manner as to preſs it home on the attention of the hearer.) "We riſe in "the morning of youth, full of vigour and "full of expectation; we ſet forward with "ſpirit and hope, with gaiety and with diligence, "and travel on a while in the ſtraight road of "piety towards the manſions of reſt. In a ſhort "time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to "find ſome mitigation of our duty, and ſome more "eaſy means of obtaining the ſame end. We "then relax our vigour, and reſolve no longer to "be terrified with crimes at a diſtance, but rely "upon our own conſtancy, and venture to ap-"proach what we reſolve never to touch. We "thus enter the bowers of eaſe, and repoſe in "the ſhades of ſecurity. Here the heat ſoftens, "and vigilance ſubſides; we are then willing "to inquire whether another advance cannot "be made, and whether we may not, at leaſt, turn "our eyes upon the gardens of pleaſure: we "approach them with ſcruple and heſitation; we "enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, "and always hope to paſs through them without "loſing the road of virtue, which we for a while "keep in our ſight, and to which we propoſe "to return." (*Preſerve unabated a calm diſpaſſionate method in reading the whole of the hermit's ſpeech.*) "But temptation ſucceeds temptation, and one "compliance prepares us for another; we in time "loſe the happineſs of innocence, and ſolace our

"diſquiet

" diſquiet with ſenſual gratifications. By degrees
" we let fall the remembrance of our original
" intention, and quit the only adequate object of
" rational deſire. We entangle ourſelves in buſi-
" neſs, immerge ourſelves in luxury, and rove
" through the labyrinths of inconſtancy, till the
" darkneſs of old age begins to invade us, and
" diſeaſe and anxiety obſtruct our way. We
" then look back upon our lives with horror,
" with ſorrow, with repentance, and wiſh, but too
" often vainly wiſh, that we had not forſaken the
" ways of virtue. Happy are they, my ſon, who
" ſhall learn from thy example not to deſpair,
" but ſhall remember that though the day is paſt,
" and their ſtrength is waſted, there yet remains
" one effort to be made; that reformation is never
" hopeleſs, nor ſincere endeavours ever unaſſiſted;
" that the wanderer may at length return after all
" his errors; and that he who implores ſtrength
" and courage from above, ſhall find danger and
" difficulty give way before him. Go now, my
" ſon, to thy repoſe; commit thyſelf to the care of
" Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again
" to toil, begin a-new thy journey and thy life."

We have now gone through this beautiful allegorical compoſition, making ſuch remarks as, if attended to by the ſcholar, will conſiderably facilitate his endeavours to read it with propriety and effect. There are many productions by the

the ſame writer that contain ſituations capable of affording much gratification to a hearer, if done juſtice to in the reading. We ſhall conſequently make room for the inſertion of ſeveral of this deſcription, and among the number we find the following GREENLAND TALE, a production of acknowledged merit, and poſſeſſing, in various parts, a flow and harmony of expreſſion nearly equal to the moſt poliſhed numbers of metrical compoſitions. This particular excellence ought to be attended to by the reader, and he will thereby ſee the neceſſity of giving the language great ſmoothneſs and melody in the delivery. We ſhall paſs over the preliminary obſervations at the commencement of the Eſſay, and enter at once into the ſtory.

Begin it with a clear, diſtinct articulation, and let your utterance be eaſy and unembarraſſed.

ANNINGAIT AND AJUT.

IN one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to paſs the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, (*Lay a ſtreſs on* 'youth and 'maid,' *and pauſe a little after* 'maid,' *to impreſs it more on the attention of the hearer.*) who came from different parts of the country, were ſo much diſtinguiſhed for their beauty, that they were called by the reſt of the inhabitants

Anningait

Anningait and Ajut, from a ſuppoſed reſemblance to their anceſtors of the ſame names, who had been transformed of old into the ſun and moon. (*The words* 'Anningait and Ajut,' *when firſt mentioned, muſt be clearly and diſtinctly pronounced, ſo as the hearer may be made well acquainted with them.*)

Anningait for ſome time heard the praiſes of Ajut with little emotion, but at laſt, by frequent interviews, became ſenſible of her charms, and firſt made a diſcovery of his affection by inviting her with her parents to a feaſt, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut ſeemed not much delighted by this gallantry; yet, however, from that time, was obſerved rarely to appear but in a veſt made of the ſkin of a white deer; ſhe uſed frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands and forehead, to adorn her ſleeves with coral and ſhells, and to braid her hair with great exactneſs.

The elegance of her dreſs, and the judicious diſpoſition of her ornaments, had ſuch an effect upon Anningait, that he could no longer be reſtrained from a declaration of his love. (*The latter part with ſome fervour of expreſſion.*) He therefore compoſed a poem in her praiſe, in which, among other heroic and tender ſentiments, he proteſted, that (*The words of the following poem muſt be read with great warmth and feeling.*)

" She was beautiful as the vernal willow, and
" fragrant as thyme upon the mountains; that her
" fingers

" fingers were white as the teeth of the morſe, " and her ſmile grateful as the diſſolution of " the ice; that he would purſue her, though ſhe " ſhould paſs the ſnows of the midland cliffs, " or ſeek ſhelter in the caves of the eaſtern " cannibals; that he would tear her from the " embraces of the genius of the rocks, ſnatch her " from the paws of Amaroc, and reſcue her from " the ravine of Hafgufa." He concluded with a wiſh, that (*Give the following great energy of expreſſion.*) " Whoever ſhould attempt to hinder " his union with Ajut, might be buried with- " out his bow, and that in the land of ſouls " his ſkull might ſerve for no other uſe than to " catch the droppings of the ſtarry lamps."

This ode being univerſally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would ſoon yield to ſuch fervour and accompliſhments: but Ajut, with the natural haughtineſs of beauty, expected all the forms of courtſhip; and before ſhe would confeſs herſelf conquered, the ſun returned, the ice broke, and the ſeaſon of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the ſame boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the ſight of his miſtreſs, loſt no opportunity of ſignalizing his courage; he attacked the ſea-horſes on the ice; purſued the ſeals into the water, and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet ſtruggling with the remains of life. (*The above relation of the feats per-*

performed by Anningait, ought to be read with boldneſs and vigour, beginning from ‘ he attacked the ſea-‘ horſes,’ *&c.*) Nor was his diligence leſs to accumulate all that could be neceſſary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fiſhes and the fleſh of ſeals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dreſſed their ſkins to adorn his bride; he feaſted her with eggs from the rocks, and ſtrewed her tent with flowers. (*End the ſentence with a ſoftneſs of expreſſion: the beginning of the following ought to have a fulneſs of tone, particularly the word* ‘ tempeſt.’) It happened that a tempeſt drove the fiſh to a diſtant part of the coaſt, before Anningait had completed his ſtore; he therefore entreated Ajut that ſhe would at leaſt grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now ſummoned by neceſſity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to ſuch condeſcenſion, but propoſed, as a trial of his conſtancy, that he ſhould return at the end of ſummer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his aſſiduities. (*Pauſe a little after the word* ‘ propoſed,’ *and ſpeak what ſhe propoſes, ſomething more ſlow and deliberate than the preceding part of the ſentence, in order to preſs it more on the attention: his reply which follows, with the ſame warmth and feeling we recommended in reading the poem he wrote upon her, accompanied with great ſincerity of expreſſion.*) “ O virgin, beau-

"tiful as the ſun ſhining on the water, con-
"ſider," ſaid Anningait, "what thou haſt re-
"quired. How eaſily may my return be pre-
"cluded by a ſudden froſt or unexpected fogs;
"then muſt the night be paſt without my Ajut.
"We live not, my fair, in thoſe fabled countries,
"which lying ſtrangers ſo wantonly deſcribe;
"where the whole year is divided into ſhort days
"and nights; where the ſame habitation ſerves for
"ſummer and winter; where they raiſe houſes in
"rows above the ground, dwell together from
"year to year, with flocks of tame animals grazing
"in the fields about them; can travel at any time
"from one place to another, through ways in-
"cloſed with trees, or over walls raiſed upon the
"inland waters; and direct their courſes through
"wide countries by the ſight of green hills or
"ſcattered buildings. Even in ſummer, we have
"no means of croſſing the mountains, whoſe
"ſnows are never diſſolved; nor can remove
"to any diſtant reſidence, but in our boats coaſt-
"ing the bays. Conſider, Ajut," (*The remainder of the ſentence, particularly the latter part, with great feeling and impreſſion.*) "a few ſummer
"days, and a few winter-nights, and the life
"of man is at an end. Night is the time of
"eaſe and feſtivity, of revels and gaiety; but
"what will be the flaming lamp, the delicious
"ſeal, or the ſoft oil, without the ſmile of
"Ajut?" (*The latter compliment to Ajut with a tone*

a tone and look of the moſt ſincere and tender affection. That glow of delivery which is ſo eſſential in reading the foregoing ſpeech of Anningait muſt now ſubſide, and you are to uſe a clear, level, diſtinct articulation, ſuch as we recommended at the beginning of the Eſſay.)

The eloquence of Anningait was vain; the maid continued inexorable, and they parted with ardent promiſes to meet again before the night of winter.

Anningait, however diſcompoſed by the dilatory coyneſs of Ajut, was yet reſolved to omit no tokens of amorous reſpect, and therefore preſented her, at his departure, with the ſkins of ſeven white fawns, of five ſwans and eleven ſeals, with three marble lamps, ten veſſels of ſeal-oil, and a large kettle of braſs, which he had purchaſed from a ſhip, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of ſea-unicorns.

Ajut was ſo much affected by the fondneſs of her lover, or ſo much overpowered by his magnificence, that ſhe followed him to the ſea-ſide; and when ſhe ſaw him enter the boat, wiſhed aloud, (*Give her wiſh with fervor and ſincerity.*) that he might return with plenty of ſkins and oil; that neither the mermaids might ſnatch him into the deeps, nor the ſpirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She ſtood a while to gaze upon the departing veſſel, (*Look, while ſpeaking the preceding words, as if at the object mentioned.*) and then returning

ing to her hut, ſilent and dejected, laid aſide, from that hour, her white deer-ſkin, ſuffered her hair to ſpread unbraided on her ſhoulders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moſs for the winter lamps, and dried graſs to line the boots of Anningait. Of the ſkins which he had beſtowed upon her, ſhe made a fiſhing coat, a ſmall boat, and tent, all of exquiſite manufacture; and while ſhe was thus buſied, ſolaced her labours with a ſong, in which ſhe prayed, (*Now re-aſſume the warmth of expreſſion we adviſed before.*) "that her lover "might have hands ſtronger than the paws "of the bear, and feet ſwifter than the feet "of the rein-deer; that his dart might never "err, and that his boat might never leak; that "he might never ſtumble on the ice, nor faint in "the water; that the ſeal might ruſh on his "harpoon, and the wounded whale might daſh the "waves in vain."

The large boats in which the Greenlanders tranſport their families, are always rowed by women; for a man will not debaſe himſelf by work which requires neither ſkill nor courage. Anningait was therefore expoſed by idleneſs to the ravages of paſſion. He went thrice to the ſtern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and ſwim back to his miſtreſs; but recollecting the miſery which they muſt endure in the winter, without

out

out oil for the lamp, or ſkins for the bed, he reſolved to employ the weeks of abſence in proviſion for a night of plenty and felicity. He then compoſed his emotions as he could, and expreſſed, in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his ſorrows, and his fears. (*Again the ſame glow of utterance as before adviſed. You may alſo introduce a great variety of tone and look, which will have an admirable effect. We ſhall mark the places where they may be practiſed.*) "O life," ſays he, "frail and uncertain! where ſhall wretched "man find thy reſemblance but in ice floating "on the ocean?" (*Now raiſe your voice, but let it poſſeſs force and energy to the end of the ſentence.*) "It towers on high, it ſparkles "from afar, while the ſtorms drive and "the waters beat it, the ſun melts it above, "and the rocks ſhatter it below. What art "thou, deceitful pleaſure! but" (*Look upward.*) "a "ſudden blaze ſtreaming from the north, which "plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller "with the hopes of light, and then vaniſhes for "ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, "which we approach without knowledge of our "danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till "we have loſt all power of reſiſtance and "eſcape?" (*Now melt into the utmoſt tenderneſs.*) "Till I fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut, "while I had yet not called her to the banquet, I "was careleſs as the ſleeping morſe, I was merry "as the ſingers in the ſtars. Why, Ajut, did

" I gaze upon thy graces? why, my fair, did I " call thee to the banquet? Yet, be faith- " ful, my love, remember Anningait, and meet " my return with the ſmile of virginity." (*The next ſentence bold and animated.*) " I will chaſe " the deer, I will ſubdue the whale, reſiſtleſs " as the froſt of darkneſs, and unwearied as " the ſummer ſun. In a few weeks, I ſhall re- " turn proſperous and wealthy; then ſhall the " roeſiſh and the porpoiſe feaſt thy kindred; " the fox and hare ſhall cover thy couch; the " tough hide of the ſeal ſhall ſhelter thee from " cold; and the fat of the whale illuminate thy " dwelling." (*Your voice now falls, of courſe, into the former key; but you will find an energy of expreſſion neceſſary in ſome parts of the following.*)

Anningait having with theſe ſentiments conſoled his grief and animated his induſtry, found that they had now coaſted the headland, and ſaw the whales ſpouting at a diſtance. He therefore placed himſelf in his fiſhing-boat, called his aſſociates to their ſeveral employments, plied his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chaſe and fiſhery, ſuſpended the miſeries of abſence and ſuſpicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithſtanding her neglected dreſs, happened, as ſhe was drying ſome ſkins in the ſun, to catch the eye of Norngſuk, on his return from hunting. (*Speak the following particulars of Norngſuk with ſome deliberation, as they*

they contain neceſſary information for your hearer, and conſequently ſhould not be lightly paſſed over.) Norngſuk was of birth truly illuſtrious. His mother had died in child-birth, and his father, the moſt expert fiſher of Greenland, had periſhed by too cloſe purſuit of the whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was maſter of four men's and two women's boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five-and-twenty ſeals buried in the ſnow againſt the ſeaſon of darkneſs. (*Now ſoften into tenderneſs, and have a kind of enamoured expreſſion.*) When he ſaw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the ſkin of a deer that he had taken, and ſoon after preſented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refuſed his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngſuk, thus rejected, had recourſe to ſtratagem. He knew that Ajut would conſult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himſelf to the moſt celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and, by a preſent of two ſeals and a marble kettle, obtained a promiſe, that when Ajut ſhould conſult him he would declare that her lover was in the land of ſouls. Ajut, in a ſhort time, brought him a coat made by herſelf, and inquired what events were to befal her, with aſſurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction ſhould flatter her deſires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Annin-

gait, having already caught two whales, would ſoon return home with a large boat laden with proviſions.

This prognoſtication ſhe was ordered to keep ſecret; and Norngſuk, depending upon his artifice, renewed his addreſſes with greater confidence; but finding his ſuit ſtill unſucceſsful, applied himſelf to her parents with gifts and promiſes. The wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the preſents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngſuk. (*The following line with impreſſive feeling and effect.*) She entreated; ſhe remonſtrated; ſhe wept, and raved; but finding riches irreſiſtible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon ſuch berries as ſhe could gather, and the birds or hares which ſhe had the fortune to enſnare; taking care, at an hour when ſhe was not likely to be found, to view the ſea every day, that her lover might not miſs her at his return.

At laſt ſhe ſaw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, ſtealing ſlow and heavy laden along the coaſt. (*At the beginning of the foregoing ſentence, look as if at the object deſcribed; and from the word* 'ſtealing,' *let your expreſſion be ſlow, heavy, and dragging as it were; which will give the Author's meaning great force. Your utterance muſt be accelerated in the next ſentence.*) She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her conſtancy

and

and ſufferings. (*Do not let your manner develope the cataſtrophe of the ſtory until the ſtory reveal itſelf.*) When the company reached the land, they informed her, (*Read the account of Anningait with care and deliberation.*) that Anningait, after the fiſhery was ended, being unable to ſupport the ſlow paſſage of the veſſel of carriage, had ſet out before them in his fiſhing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on ſhore. (*Now your expreſſion muſt be quickened, your brow contracted, and your whole features pourtray ſomething of apprehenſion and diſtraction.*)

Ajut, diſtracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though ſhe was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her: but when at laſt they retired to reſt, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fiſhing-boat, ſhe entered it without heſitation, and telling thoſe who wondered at her raſhneſs, that ſhe was going in ſearch of Anningait, rowed away with great ſwiftneſs, and was ſeen no more. (*The latter part of the preceding ſentence with great feeling and pathos.*)

The fate of theſe lovers gave occaſion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into ſtars; others imagine, that Anningait was ſeized in his paſſage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and ſtill continues to ſeek her lover in the deſerts of the ſea. But the general perſuaſion is, that they are both in that part of the

land of ſouls where the ſun never ſets, where oil is always freſh, and proviſions always warm. (*Mingle a good deal of the pathetic throughout moſt parts of this, and particularly in what follows.*) The virgins ſometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay from which the hapleſs maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praiſe any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like (*Here make a ſignificant pauſe, and pronounce with emphatic diſtinctneſs the names of*) Anningait and Ajut.

This ſtory, which is now brought to a concluſion, is replete with the moſt ſtriking beauties of language, and finely fitted, by its appoſite deſcriptions, to the locality which the writer has given it. Few pieces are better calculated to produce effect in the reading than this one, and we therefore recommend the frequent peruſal of it to the ſcholar.

The HISTORY *of* ALMAMOULIN *the Son of* NOURADIN.

By the ſame AUTHOR.

(*Begin with a clear, regular tone, and pronounce your words full and diſtinct.*)

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the Eaſt, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant,

merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouſes were filled with all the commodities of the remoteſt nations; (*In the reſt of this ſentence, and the one that immediately follows it, there is an uncommon melliſluous flow of language, which, to give it its due effect, muſt be read with great harmony of expreſſion.*) every rarity of nature, every curioſity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was uſeful, haſted to his hand. The ſtreets were crowded with his carriages; the ſea was covered with his ſhips; the ſtreams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the ſky wafted wealth to Nouradin. (*At the commencement of the next ſentence let your voice fall a little, and your brow be ſomewhat contracted.*)

At length Nouradin felt himſelf ſeized with a ſlow malady, which he firſt endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence; but finding his ſtrength every day leſs, he was at laſt terrified, and called for help upon the ſages of phyſic; they filled his apartments with alexipharmics*, reſtoratives, and eſſential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were diſſolved, the ſpices of Arabia were diſtilled, and all the powers of nature were employed to give new ſpirits to his nerves, and new balſam to his blood. Nouradin was for ſome time amuſed with promiſes,

* Specifics which expel poiſon, and alſo malignant fevers.

invigorated with cordials, or ſoothed with anodynes; (*The harmony of many of the preceding lines will at once ſhew the neceſſity of the Reader's adopting a ſmooth flow of utterance. The remainder of the ſentence in a lower key, and with ſome feeling and impreſſion.*) but the diſeaſe preyed upon his vitals, and he ſoon diſcovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deſerted by his phyſicians, and rarely viſited by his friends; but his unwillingneſs to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having paſſed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only ſon; and, diſmiſſing his attendants, (*Now make a pauſe, and what is here ſaid muſt be ſpoken with great deliberation, mingled throughout with a manly pathos.*) "My ſon," ſays he, "behold here the "weakneſs and fragility * of man; look backward a "few days, thy father was great and happy, freſh "as the vernal roſe, and ſtrong as the cedar "of the mountain; the nations of Aſia drank "his dews, and art and commerce delighted in "his ſhade. Malevolence beheld me, and "ſighed: 'His root,' ſhe cried, 'is fixed in the "depths; it is watered by the fountains of Oxus; "it ſends out branches afar, and bids defiance to "the blaſt; prudence reclines againſt his trunk, "and proſperity dances on his top." (*The foregoing metaphorical deſcription of proſperity is peculiarly beau-*

* Brittleneſs, weakneſs.

tiful,

tiful, and harmoniouſly worded. Let your expreſſion be in uniſon. To the ſemicolon of the next ſentence uſe a manly pathetical tone.) " Now, Almamoulin, look upon me withering and proſtrate;" (" Withering and proſtrate' *with an emphatical feeling.*) " look upon me, and attend. I have trafficked, " I have proſpered, I have rioted in gain: my " houſe is ſplendid, my ſervants are numerous; " yet I diſplayed only a ſmall part of my riches; " the reſt, which I was hindered from enjoying by " the fear of raiſing envy, or tempting rapacity, I " have piled in towers, I have buried in caverns, " I have hidden in ſecret repoſitories, which this " ſcroll will diſcover. My purpoſe was, after ten " months more ſpent in commerce, to have withdrawn my wealth to a ſafer country; to have " given ſeven years to delight and feſtivity, and the " remaining part of my days to ſolitude and repentance:" (*Now change your look to ſorrow, and your voice to plaintiveneſs.*) " but the hand " of death is upon me; a frigorific* torpor " encroaches upon my veins; I am now leaving the produce of my toil, which it muſt be " thy buſineſs to enjoy with wiſdom." (*You are to fall now to a tone fitted to the reading of narratives, but you ought diſtinctly to pronounce your words; and the latter part of the next ſentence, mentioning a particular circumſtance in the ſtory, muſt be impreſſed on the attention of the hearer, as abſolutely neceſſary*

* Cauſing cold.

for

for his information.) The thought of leaving his wealth filled Nouradin with ſuch grief, that he fell into convulſions, became delirious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father, was touched a while with honeſt ſorrow, and ſat two hours in profound meditation, without peruſing the paper which he held in his hand. He then retired to his own chamber, as overborne with affliction, and there read the inventory of his new poſſeſſions, which ſwelled his heart with ſuch tranſports, that he no longer lamented his father's death. He was now ſufficiently compoſed to order a funeral of modeſt magnificence, ſuitable at once to the rank of Nouradin's profeſſion, and the reputation of his wealth. The two next nights he ſpent in viſiting the tower and the caverns, and found the treaſures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed that happineſs was now in his power, ſince he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accuſtomed to regret the want. He reſolved to give a looſe to his deſires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneaſineſs no more. (*In all this relation be careful not to paſs over any part of it too lightly, but keep alive the expectation of the hearer, and, by every means in your power, do not permit his attention to ſlacken.*)

He

He immediately procured a ſplendid equipage, dreſſed his ſervants in rich embroidery, and covered his horſes with golden capariſons. He ſhowered down ſilver on the populace, and ſuffered their acclamations to ſwell him with inſolence. The nobles ſaw him with anger, the wiſe men of the ſtate combined againſt him, the leaders of armies threatened his deſtruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger; he put on the robe of mourning in the preſence of his enemies, and appeaſed them with gold, and gems, and ſupplication.

He then ſought to ſtrengthen himſelf by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms for a wife of noble birth. His ſuit was generally rejected, and his preſents refuſed; but a princeſs of Aſtracan once condeſcended to admit him to her preſence. (*Throw a little of dignity into the next ſentence.*) She received him ſitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and ſhining with the jewels of Golconda; command ſparkled in her eyes, and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. She ſaw his confuſion, and diſdained him: (*Deliver what ſhe ſays in a higher tone, and with more life and animation. —Still preſerve a dignity in your expreſſion.*) "How," ſays ſhe, "dares the wretch hope my "obedience, who thus ſhrinks at my glance? "Retire, and enjoy thy riches in ſordid oſtenta- "tion; thou waſt born to be wealthy, but never "canſt be great."

He

He then contracted his deſires to more private and domeſtic pleaſures. (*Give a glow and a great ſmoothneſs to your delivery, which ſo well ſuit the flow and harmony of the following period.*) He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he tranſplanted foreſts, he levelled mountains, opened proſpects into diſtant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

Theſe amuſements pleaſed him for a time, but languor and wearineſs ſoon invaded him. (*The following ſhort ſentence with the ſame glow and ſmoothneſs as before.*) His bowers loſt their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchaſed large tracts of land in diſtant provinces, adorned them with houſes of pleaſure, and diverſified them with accommodations for different ſeaſons. Change of place at firſt relieved his ſatiety, but all the novelties of ſituation were ſoon exhauſted; he found his heart vacant, and his deſires, for want of external objects, ravaging himſelf.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and ſet open his doors to thoſe whom idleneſs ſends out in ſearch of pleaſure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage ſparkled in his bowls, and his lamps ſcattered perfumes. (*The following harmonious periods, in the manner laſt recommended.*) The ſound of the lute, and the voice of the ſinger, chaſed away ſadneſs; every hour was crowded with pleaſure; and the day ended

ended and began with feaſts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, (*In a higher tone, and let your delivery have a little of exultation in it.*) "I have at laſt found the uſe of "riches; I am ſurrounded by companions, who "view my greatneſs without envy; and I enjoy at "once the raptures of popularity, and the ſafety of "an obſcure ſtation. What trouble can he feel, "whom all are ſtudious to pleaſe, that they may "be repaid with pleaſure? What danger can he "dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay aſſembly regaling at his expence; but in the midſt of this ſoliloquy, an officer of juſtice entered the houſe, and in the form of legal citation ſummoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The gueſts ſtood a while aghaſt, then ſtole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a ſingle voice to witneſs his integrity. He now found one of his moſt frequent viſitants accuſing him of treaſon, in hopes of ſharing his confiſcation; yet, unpatronized and unſupported, he cleared himſelf by the openneſs of innocence, and the conſiſtence of truth; he was diſmiſſed with honor, and his accuſer periſhed in priſon. (*To the end of the next ſemicolon, rather ſlow, and, as it were, in a moralizing manner.*)

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reaſon he had hoped for juſtice or fidelity from thoſe who live only to gratify their ſenſes; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitleſs reſearches after felicity, he had recourſe to a

ſage, who, after ſpending his youth in travel and obſervation, had retired from all human cares, to a ſmall habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he converſed only with ſuch as ſolicited his counſel. (*Be full and firm in your tone in the following ſpeech, and pronounce the words with great nerve and deliberation.*) "Brother," ſaid the philoſopher, "thou haſt "ſuffered thy reaſon to be deluded by idle hopes and "fallacious appearances. Having long looked with "deſire upon riches, thou hadſt taught thyſelf to "think them more valuable than nature deſigned "them, and to expect from them what experience "has now taught thee that they cannot give. "That they do not confer wiſdom, thou mayeſt "be convinced, by conſidering at how dear a price "they tempted thee, upon thy firſt entrance into "the world, to purchaſe the empty ſound of vul-"gar acclamation. That they cannot beſtow for-"titude or magnanimity, that man may be certain "who ſtood trembling at Aſtracan, before a being "not naturally ſuperior to himſelf. That they "will not ſupply unexhauſted pleaſure, the recollec-"tion of forſaken palaces and neglected gardens "will eaſily inform thee. That they rarely pur-"chaſe friends, thou didſt ſoon diſcover, when "thou wert left to ſtand thy trial uncountenanced "and alone." (*The ſimilarity in the beginning of a few of the preceding ſentences muſt be varied in the mode of delivery as much as poſſible, to prevent a diſguſting ſameneſs of tone at ſtated places.*) "Yet "think not riches uſeleſs; there are purpoſes to "which a wiſe man may be delighted to apply "them;

" them; they may, by a rational diſtribution to " thoſe who want them," (*The remainder of the ſentence to be feelingly expreſſed.*) " eaſe the pains of " helpleſs diſeaſe, ſtill the throbs of reſtleſs anxiety, " relieve innocence from oppreſſion, and raiſe im- " becility to cheerfulneſs and vigour. This they " will enable thee to perform, and this will afford " the only happineſs ordained for our preſent ſtate, " the confidence of divine favour, and the hope of " future rewards." (*From the words* ' the con- ' fidence,' *&c. to the concluſion, to be delivered with ſtill more deliberation and impreſſion than we adviſed at the commencement of what the ſage has ſpoken. Take care not to let the tone of your voice fall or be weakened at the end of the period, but pronounce the laſt word full, clear, and articulate.*)

The HISTORY *of* ABOUZAID, *the Son of* MORAD.

By the ſame AUTHOR.

(*In your articulation let there be no ſudden jerks or ſnaps, but let the tones of your voice bear a regular tenor of ſound.*)

AMONG the emirs and viſiers, the ſons of valour and of wiſdom, that ſtand at the corners of the Indian throne, to aſſiſt the councils or conduct the wars of the poſterity of Timur, the firſt place was long held by Morad the ſon of Hanuth. Morad having ſignalized himſelf in many battles and ſieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wiſdom and

and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of thoſe whom his adminiſtration made happy. The emperor called him into his preſence, and gave into his hand the keys of riches, and the ſabre of command. (*Be full-toned, and pronounce your words clear and diſtinct:—the laſt words,* ' the ſabre of command,' *with conſiderable ſtrength and energy.*) The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian Ocean, every tongue faltered in his preſence, and every eye was caſt down before him.

Morad lived many years in proſperity; every day increaſed his wealth and extended his influence. The ſages repeated his maxims, the captains of thouſands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and diſcontent trembled at her own murmurs. (*The two preceding periods with force, and with ſome dignity of expreſſion, which introduce with great effect the following ſentence.—Make a ſignificant pauſe, accompanied by a ſuitable look, ere you begin it, and let your voice fall into a low emphatical tone.*) But human greatneſs is ſhort and tranſitory, as the odour of incenſe in the fire. The ſun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of ſorrow gathered round his head, and the tempeſt of hatred roared about his dwelling. (*Look upward during the whole of this ſentence, and give great nerve and ſpirit to your delivery from* ' the clouds of ſorrow' *to the cloſe. Pronounce the word* ' roared' *particularly impreſſive, by giving the two* r's *their full force and roughneſs.*)

Morad

Morad ſaw ruin haſtily approaching. The firſt that forſook him were his poets; their example was followed by all thoſe whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleaſures; and only a few, whoſe virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be ſeen in his hall or chambers. He felt his danger, and proſtrated himſelf at the foot of the throne. His accuſers were confident and loud, his friends ſtood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborne by clamour. He was diveſted of his power, deprived of his acquiſitions, and condemned to paſs the reſt of his life on his hereditary eſtate. (*The laſt ſentence, containing a fact in the ſtory very neceſſary for the information of the hearer, ought not, of courſe, to be read with careleſneſs, but in ſuch a manner as to impreſs it on his attention.*)

Morad had been ſo long accuſtomed to crowds and buſineſs, ſupplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in ſolitude; he ſaw with regret the ſun riſe to force on his eye a new day for which he had no uſe; and envied the ſavage that wanders in the deſert, becauſe he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chaſing his prey, or ſleeping in his den.

His diſcontent in time vitiated his conſtitution, and a ſlow diſeaſe ſeized upon him. He refuſed phyſic, neglected exerciſe, and lay down on his couch peeviſh and reſtleſs, rather afraid to die than deſirous to live. His domeſtics, for a time, redoubled their aſſiduities; but finding that no officiouſneſs could ſooth nor exactneſs ſatisfy, they ſoon gave

way to negligence and ſloth, and he that once commanded nations often languiſhed in his chamber without an attendant. (*The words* ‘ and he that ‘ once commanded nations’ *with a full ſtrong tone, which you muſt weaken and lower in reading the remainder of the period.*)

In this melancholy ſtate, he commanded meſſengers to recal his eldeſt ſon Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's ſickneſs, and haſted by long journies to his place of reſidence. Morad was yet living, and felt his ſtrength return at the embraces of his ſon; then, commanding him to ſit down at his bed-ſide, (*Now raiſe your voice, but let the tone be pathetical and feeling.*) “ Abouzaid,” ſays he, “ thy father has “ no more to hope or fear from the inhabitants of “ the earth, the cold hand of the angel of death is “ now upon him, and the voracious grave is howl- “ ing for his prey.” (*Speak from* ‘ the cold hand,’ *&c. rather ſlower than the preceding part of the ſentence, but not with leſs pathos.* ‘ Voracious grave,’ *and* ‘ howling for his prey,’ *ought to be particularly marked.*) “ Hear therefore the precepts of ancient “ experience, let not my laſt inſtructions iſſue forth “ in vain. Thou haſt ſeen me happy and cala- “ mitous; thou haſt beheld my exaltation and my “ fall. My power is in the hands of my enemies, “ my treaſures have rewarded my accuſers; but “ my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has “ ſpared, and my wiſdom his anger could not take “ away. Caſt thine eyes round thee, whatever thou

“ beholdeſt

" beholdeſt will in a few hours be thine; apply " thine ear to my dictates, and theſe poſſeſſions " will promote thy happineſs. Aſpire not to pub- " lic honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy " wealth will ſet thee above inſult, let thy modera- " tion keep thee below envy. Content thyſelf " with private dignity, diffuſe thy riches among thy " friends, let every day extend thy beneficence, " and ſuffer not thy heart to be at reſt till thou " art loved by all to whom thou art known. In " the height of my power, I ſaid to Defamation, " 'Who will hear thee?' and to Artifice, 'What canſt " thou perform?' But, my ſon, deſpiſe not thou the " malice of the weakeſt; remember that venom ſup- " plies the want of ſtrength, and that the iion may " periſh by the puncture of an aſp." (*Theſe precepts muſt be delivered with force and deliberation.*)

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindneſs and endearment. He wiſely conſidered that domeſtic happineſs was firſt to be ſecured, and that none have ſo much power of doing good or hurt, as thoſe who are preſent in the hour of negligence, hear the burſts of thoughtleſs merriment, and obſerve the ſtarts of unguarded paſſion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by ſupernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himſelf upon the fidelity and affection of his family,

he was in the night (*Mark the incidents in the ſtory, as you go on, with alteration of look and voice; and preceding them, if you make a conſiderable pauſe, the hearer will be better prepared for what is to follow.*) alarmed with robbers, who being purſued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his ſervants; the ſervant immediately confeſſed that he unbarred the door, becauſe another not more worthy of confidence was entruſted with the keys.

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not eaſily be made a friend; and that while many were ſoliciting for the firſt rank of favour, all thoſe would be alienated whom he diſappointed. He therefore reſolved to aſſociate with a few equal companions ſelected from among the chief men of the province. With theſe he lived happily for a time, till familiarity ſet them free from reſtraint, and every man thought himſelf at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then diſturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations and difference of ſentiments; and Abouzaid was neceſſitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference. (*Johnſon's ſtyle of writing will not bear much flippancy of expreſſion, as it abounds with ſo much nerve and ſtrength, which require ſomething weighty and powerful in your delivery, to give it its intended effect. In all his relations you ought to keep this obſervation in your mind.—Take ſpecial care, however, that your utterance be not laboured or heavy.*)

He

He afterwards determined to avoid a cloſe union with beings ſo diſcordant in their nature, and to diffuſe himſelf in a larger circle. He practiſed the ſmile of univerſal courteſy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendſhip, now refuſed to accept his acquaintance; and of thoſe whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one preſſed forward toward intimacy, thought himſelf overlooked in the crowd, and murmured becauſe he was not diſtinguiſhed above the reſt. By degrees all made advances, and all reſented repulſe. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the muſic ſounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in ſolitude ſome new ſcheme of pleaſure or ſecurity.

Reſolving now to try the force of gratitude, he inquired for men of ſcience, whoſe merit was obſcured by poverty. His houſe was ſoon crowded with poets, ſculptors, painters, and deſigners, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a ſhort time they forgot the diſtreſs from which they had been reſcued, and began to conſider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condeſcending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs, and diſmiſſed them; and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyric.

As the ſons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who ſtood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. (*Now you muſt raiſe your voice, and give more life to your expreſſion, as if, in fact, Abouzaid were ſpeaking.*) "Hamet," ſaid he, "thy ingratitude has put an end to my hopes "and experiments: I have now learned the vanity "of thoſe labours that wiſh to be rewarded by "human benevolence; I ſhall henceforth do good, "and avoid evil, without reſpect to the opinion of "men; and reſolve to ſolicit only the approbation "of that Being whom alone we are ſure to pleaſe "by endeavouring to pleaſe him." (*If you pauſe a little after* 'approbation,' *and then ſpeak* 'of that 'Being' *with a reſpectful look upward, accompanied by a ſuitable tone, the meaning of the ſentence will be more forcibly impreſſed on your hearer.*)

We will now preſent our Readers with a paper by the ſame writer, containing a melancholy, and, we are fearful, too often a true detail of circumſtances experienced by the wretched and unfortunate proſtitute. Hard indeed muſt be thoſe feelings which could bear unmoved the recital of ſome of the following ſentences. They will ſerve as moſt excellent leſſons for the ſcholar, if he wiſh to make himſelf maſter of the *pathetic*, a quality in reading or ſpeaking that ought to be poſſeſſed by all thoſe whoſe

whoſe inclinations lead them to excel in either, as it irreſiſtibly bears down every obſtacle in its way to the inmoſt receſſes of the heart.—The Author gives the Eſſay as if coming from one of thoſe objects of commiſeration, telling her own ſtory, and highly ſenſible of her ſad and pitiable ſtate.—We ſhall omit the preceding part of her narrative, and come to that which more materially anſwers our preſent purpoſe.

MISELLA now ſits down to continue her narrative. I am convinced that nothing would more powerfully preſerve youth from irregularity, or guard inexperience from ſeduction, than a juſt deſcription of the condition into which the wanton plunges herſelf, and therefore hope that my letter may be a ſufficient antidote to my example.

After the diſtraction, heſitation, and delays, which the timidity of guilt naturally produces, I was removed to lodgings in a diſtant part of the town, under one of the characters commonly aſſumed upon ſuch occaſions. Here, being by my circumſtances condemned to ſolitude, I paſſed moſt of my hours in bitterneſs and anguiſh. The converſation of the people with whom I was placed was not at all capable of engaging my attention, or diſpoſſeſſing the reigning ideas. The books which I carried to my retreat were ſuch as heightened my abhorrence of myſelf; for I was not ſo far abandoned as to ſink voluntarily into corruption, or endeavour to conceal from my own mind the enormity of my crime.

My relation* remitted none of his fondneſs, but viſited me ſo often, that I was ſometimes afraid leſt his aſſiduity ſhould expoſe him to ſuſpicion. Whenever he came he found me weeping, and was therefore leſs delightfully entertained than he expected. After frequent expoſtulations upon the unreaſonableneſs of my ſorrow, and innumerable proteſtations of everlaſting regard, he at laſt found that I was more affected with the loſs of my innocence than the danger of my fame; and that he might not be diſturbed by my remorſe, began to lull my conſcience with the opiates of irreligion. His arguments were ſuch as my courſe of life has ſince expoſed me often to the neceſſity of hearing, vulgar, empty, and fallacious; yet they at firſt confounded me by their novelty, filled me with doubt and perplexity, and interrupted that peace which I began to feel from the ſincerity of my repentance, without ſubſtituting any other ſupport. I liſtened a while to his impious gabble, but its influence was ſoon overpowered by natural reaſon and early education, and the convictions which this new attempt gave me of his baſeneſs completed my abhorrence. (*All this muſt be read in a higher key than if it were given to us as the reflections of the writer himſelf. It ought to be delivered as if Miſella were abſolutely relating in perſon the whole of her melancholy ſtory. The following ſentence with great emphatic energy, and with a lower tone than the general tenor of the narrative requires. It is a thought not indiſpenſably neceſſary in the detail itſelf,*

* Her couſin.

but

but introduced by the way of compariſon, in order to illuſtrate the two or three preceding periods.) I have heard of barbarians, who, when tempeſts drive ſhips upon their coaſt, decoy them to the rocks that they may plunder their lading, and have always thought that wretches thus mercileſs in their depredations ought to be deſtroyed by a general inſurrection of all ſocial beings; yet how light is this guilt to the crime of him who, in the agitations of remorſe, cuts away the anchor of piety, and when he has drawn aſide credulity from the paths of virtue, (*Look up with great awe and ſolemnity.*) hides the light of heaven which would direct her to return! (*You are now to re-aſſume the ſame key from which you left off when you began the preceding ſentence.*) I had hitherto conſidered him as a man equally betrayed with myſelf by the concurrence of appetite and opportunity; but I now ſaw with horror that he was contriving to perpetuate his gratification, and was deſirous to fit me to his purpoſe by complete and radical corruption.

To eſcape, however, was not yet in my power. I could ſupport the expences of my condition only by the continuance of his favour. He provided all that was neceſſary, and in a few weeks congratulated me upon my eſcape from the danger which we had both expected with ſo much anxiety. I then began to remind him of his promiſe to reſtore me with my fame uninjured to the world. He promiſed me in general terms, that nothing ſhould be wanting which his power could add to my happineſs,

happineſs, but forbore to releaſe me from my confinement. I knew how much my reception in the world depended upon my ſpeedy return, and was therefore outrageouſly impatient of his delays, which I now perceived to be only artifices of lewdneſs. He told me, at laſt, with an appearance of ſorrow, that all hopes of reſtoration to my former ſtate were for ever precluded; that chance had diſcovered my ſecret, and malice divulged it; and that nothing now remained but to ſeek a retreat more private, where curioſity or hatred could never find us. (*After fully impreſſing any neceſſary part of what you are reading on the mind of your hearer, you may make a longer pauſe than uſual ere you proceed, in order that it may have time to leave its proper effect.*)

The rage, anguiſh, and reſentment, which I felt at this account, are not to be expreſſed. I was in ſo much dread of reproach and infamy, which he repreſented as purſuing me with full cry, that I yielded myſelf implicitly to his diſpoſal, and was removed, with a thouſand ſtudied precautions, through by-ways and dark paſſages, to another houſe, where I haraſſed him with perpetual ſolicitations for a ſmall annuity, that might enable me to live in the country in obſcurity and innocence.

This demand he at firſt evaded with ardent profeſſions, but in time appeared offended at my importunity and diſtruſt; and having one day endeavoured to ſooth me with uncommon expreſſions

preſſions of tenderneſs, when he found my diſcontent immoveable, left me with ſome inarticulate murmurs of anger. I was pleaſed that he was at laſt rouſed to ſenſibility, and expecting that at his next viſit he would comply with my requeſt, lived with great tranquillity upon the money in my hands, and was ſo much pleaſed with this pauſe of perſecution, that I did not reflect how much his abſence had exceeded the uſual intervals, till I was alarmed with the danger of wanting ſubſiſtence. (*Let your looks expreſs ſomething of fear and apprehenſion in reading from* 'till I was,' *&c. to the cloſe of the ſentence.*) I then ſuddenly contracted my expences, but was unwilling to ſupplicate for aſſiſtance. (*Now the ſame fear and alarm as before.*) Neceſſity, however, ſoon overcame my modeſty or my pride, and I applied to him by a letter, but had no anſwer. I writ in terms more preſſing, but without effect. (*You muſt keep up a kind of doubt and apprehenſion in your looks, until the cauſe is revealed, which muſt be done with a forcible method of expreſſion, and due deliberation, as it is one great and material incident in the ſtory.*) I then ſent an agent to inquire after him, who informed me, that he had quitted his houſe, and was gone with his family to reſide for ſome time upon his eſtate in Ireland. (*If you pauſe before you pronounce* 'in Ireland,' *you bring the attention to the fartheſt point of expectation; and when the hearer is thus informed to what place the hero of the tale is fled, the ſurpriſe, thereby created, is certainly*

what the writer intended. You may ſtop a conſiderable time ere you proceed.)

However ſhocked at this abrupt departure, I was yet unwilling to believe that he could wholly abandon me; and therefore, by the ſale of my clothes, I ſupported myſelf, expecting that every poſt would bring me relief. Thus I paſſed ſeven months between hope and dejection, in a gradual approach to poverty and diſtreſs, emaciated with diſcontent, and bewildered with uncertainty. At laſt, my landlady, after many hints of the neceſſity of a new lover, took the opportunity of my abſence to ſearch my boxes, and miſſing ſome of my apparel, ſeized the remainder for rent, and led me to the door. (*As her misfortunes now begin to thicken about her, you muſt throw a good deal of the pathetic into the relation of them.*)

To remonſtrate againſt legal cruelty was vain; to ſupplicate obdurate brutality was hopeleſs. (*Now a tone of great pathos and feeling.*) I went away I knew not whither, and wandered about without any ſettled purpoſe, unacquainted with the uſual expedients of miſery, unqualified for laborious offices, afraid to meet an eye that had ſeen me before, and hopeleſs of relief from thoſe who were ſtrangers to my former condition. (*Look up at the beginning of the next ſentence, and let there be ſomething bewildered in your countenance.*) Night came on in the midſt of my diſtraction, and I ſtill continued to wander till the menaces of the watch obliged me to ſhelter myſelf in a covered paſſage.

Next

Next day, I procured a lodging in the backward garret of a mean houſe, and employed my landlady to inquire for a ſervice. My applications were generally rejected for want of a character. At length I was received at a draper's; but when it was known to my miſtreſs that I had only one gown, and that of ſilk, ſhe was of opinion that I looked like a thief, and without warning hurried me away. I then tried to ſupport myſelf by my needle; and, by my landlady's recommendation, obtained a little work from a ſhop, and for three weeks lived without repining; but when my punctuality had gained me ſo much reputation that I was truſted to make up a head of ſome value, one of my fellow-lodgers ſtole the lace, and I was obliged to fly from a proſecution. (*In ſome parts of this narrative the tone of grief which we have before recommended in ſeveral places, may be practiſed to much better effect than in others. Throughout the whole of the relation itſelf, you muſt give it a conſiderable tinge of the melancholy, and occaſionally you may melt into a ſtrain of the moſt heart-rending pathos, with great advantage, in ſeveral of the following ſentences.*)

Thus driven again into the ſtreets, I lived upon the leaſt that could ſupport me, and at night accommodated myſelf under pent-houſes as well as I could. At length I became abſolutely pennyleſs; and having ſtrolled all day without ſuſtenance, was, at the cloſe of the evening, accoſted by an elderly man, with an invitation to a tavern.

I refuſed

I refuſed him with heſitation; he ſeized me by the hand, and drew me into a neighbouring houſe, where, when he ſaw my face pale with hunger, and my eyes ſwelling with tears, he ſpurned me from him, and bade me cant and whine in ſome other place; he for his part would take care of his pockets. (*From the words* 'my 'face pale,' &c. *to* 'tears,' *with a tone very pathetic, and the remainder of the period in a manner expreſſive of indignation.*)

I ſtill continued to ſtand in the way, having ſcarcely ſtrength to walk further, when another ſoon addreſſed me in the ſame manner. When he ſaw the ſame tokens of calamity, he conſidered that I might be obtained at a cheap rate, and therefore quickly made overtures, which I had no longer firmneſs to reject. By this man I was maintained four months in penurious wickedneſs, and then abandoned to my former condition, from which I was delivered by another keeper.

In this abject ſtate I have now paſſed four years, the drudge of extortion and the ſport of drunkenneſs; ſometimes the property of one man, and ſometimes the common prey of accidental lewdneſs; at one time tricked up for ſale by the miſtreſs of a brothel, at another begging in the ſtreets to be relieved from hunger by wickedneſs; without any hope in the day but of finding ſome whom folly or exceſs may expoſe to my allurements, and without any reflections at night, but ſuch as guilt and terror impreſs upon me.

(*Care*

(*Care muſt be taken to read with great feeling the melancholy recital of her diſtreſſes contained in the laſt ſentence.*)

If thoſe who paſs their days in plenty and ſecurity could viſit for an hour the diſmal receptacles to which the proſtitute retires from her nocturnal excurſions, and ſee the wretches that lie crowded together, mad with intemperance, ghaſtly with famine, nauſeous with filth, and noiſome with diſeaſe; it would not be eaſy for any degree of abhorrence to harden them againſt compaſſion, or to repreſs the deſire which they muſt immediately feel to reſcue ſuch numbers of human beings from a ſtate ſo dreadful. (*You ought to impreſs the foregoing ſentence in the moſt forcible manner on the attention of your hearer, as containing truths well worthy his particular notice.*)

It is ſaid that in France they annually evacuate their ſtreets, and ſhip their proſtitutes and vagabonds to their colonies. If the women that infect this city had the ſame opportunity of eſcaping from their miſeries, I believe very little force would be neceſſary; for who among them can dread any change? Many of us, indeed, are wholly unqualified for any but the moſt ſervile employments, and thoſe perhaps would require the care of a magiſtrate to hinder them from following the ſame practices in another country; but others are only precluded by infamy from reformation, and would gladly be delivered on any terms from the neceſſity of guilt and the tyranny of chance. No place but a populous city can afford opportunities

tunities for open proſtitution, and where the eye of juſtice can attend to individuals, thoſe who cannot be made good may be reſtrained from miſchief. For my part, I ſhould exult at the privilege of baniſhment, and think myſelf happy in any region that ſhould reſtore me once again to honeſty and peace.

In making up the ſelection for this Volume, we ſhall endeavour to introduce as much variety as the nature of our plan will admit of. With this intention we find it neceſſary to take leave of the writings of the inimitable Author of the Rambler, from whom we have taken ſuch papers as appear to us the moſt advantageous to the ſcholar's endeavours to produce on his hearers a pleaſing and delighful effect. A frequent peruſal of them for the ſake of practice, we moſt particularly recommend to all thoſe whoſe wiſh is to meliorate themſelves in that claſs of reading. We ſhall now inſert a few of thoſe Eſſays or papers written by Goldsmith, which we think replete with ſituations of which much may be made by a proper delivery. The two following ſtories are admirably adapted for curing that abominable ſomnific habit of reading with a monotonous tone, ſo commonly practiſed by moſt perſons, and as ſuch we offer them to the ſcholar.—We ſhall point out as we go on a few of the neceſſary changes

changes of voice, look, and manner, in ſome of thoſe places where the meaning and ſpirit of the Writer demand them.

Let there be nothing heavy or loitering in your delivery, and in reading the occaſional obſervations and reflections of the Author, your articulation muſt be clear, diſtinct, and have a good deal of colloquial freedom in it. Nothing affected or in the leaſt reſtrained will do.

THE STROLLING PLAYER.

I AM fond of amuſement in whatever company it is to be found; and wit, though dreſſed in rags, is ever pleaſing to me. (*This is a kind of preliminary reflection, and you now enter upon the ſtory, in doing which you may raiſe your voice, and be a little lively and pleaſant in your manner.*) I went ſome days ago to take a walk in St. James's Park, about the hour in which company leave it to go to dinner. There were but few in the walks; and thoſe who ſtayed, ſeemed by their looks rather more willing to forget that they had an appetite than gain one. I ſat down on one of the benches, at the other end of which was ſeated a man in very ſhabby clothes.

We continued to groan, to hem, and to cough, as uſual upon ſuch occaſions; and, at laſt, ventured upon converſation. (*There muſt be a difference*

of voice in the dialogue parts to the others.) "I "beg pardon, Sir," cried I, "but I think I have "seen you before; your face is familiar to me." (*Let there be a little ſmart flippancy of expreſſion in your method of reading the Player's account of himſelf.*) "Yes, Sir," replied he, "I have "a good familiar face, as my friends tell me. "I am as well known in every town in England as "the dromedary, or live crocodile: you muſt "underſtand, Sir, that I have been theſe ſixteen "years Merry Andrew to a puppet-ſhow; laſt Bar-"tholomew fair my maſter and I quarrelled, beat "each other, and parted; he to ſell his puppets "to the pincuſhion-makers in Roſemary-lane, and "I to ſtarve in St. James's Park." (*It would be well if you pauſe after* 'and I,' *and then give the remainder of the ſentence a certain dry humour, which you muſt endeavour to throw into moſt parts of the following curious detail of adventures. In the replies to the Player you ought to be rather deliberate and ſlow, in order to form that light and ſhade which will ever keep alive the attention.*)

"I am ſorry, Sir, that a perſon of your appear-"ance ſhould labour under any difficulties." (*Now re-aſſume the ſmart flippancy we before re-commended.*) "O, Sir," returned he, "my ap-"pearance is very much at your ſervice; but "though I cannot boaſt of eating much, yet "there are few that are merrier: if I had twenty "thouſand a-year, I ſhould be very merry; and, "thank the Fates, though not worth a groat,

"I am

" I am very merry ſtill. If I have three-pence in " my pocket, I never refuſe to be my three-half- " pence; and if I have no money, I never ſcorn " to be treated by any that are kind enough to pay " my reckoning. What think you, Sir, of " a ſteak and a tankard? You ſhall treat me now, " and I will treat you again when I find you " in the Park in love with eating, and without " money to pay for a dinner." (*You muſt not have the leaſt heſitation in expreſſing the words delivered by the Player, but ſpeak them as eaſily as if you had them by heart. When the dialogue is ſuſpended by any obſervation or reflection, the voice for the time muſt be lower, and your mode of delivery more deliberate.*)

As I never refuſe a ſmall expence for the ſake of a merry companion, we inſtantly adjourned to a neighbouring ale-houſe, and, in a few moments, had a frothing tankard and a ſmoking ſteak ſpread on the table before us. It is impoſſible to expreſs how much the ſight of ſuch good cheer improved my companion's vivacity. (*Now you re-aſſume the ſame voice and manner as before.*) " I like this " dinner, Sir," ſays he, " for three reaſons:" (*Give theſe reaſons a conſiderable tincture of humour in the expreſſion.*) " Firſt, becauſe I am naturally " fond of beef; ſecondly, becauſe I am hungry; " thirdly and laſtly, becauſe I get it for " nothing: no meat eats ſo ſweet as that for " which we do not pay." (*If you make a pauſe*

after pronouncing each 'becauſe,' *we are of opinion the effect will be better.*) He therefore now fell to, and his appetite ſeemed to correſpond with his inclination. After dinner was over, he obſerved that the ſteak was tough; "and yet, Sir," returns he, "bad as it was, it ſeemed a rump-ſteak to me. "O the delights of poverty, and a good appetite! "We beggars are the very foundlings of Nature: "the rich ſhe treats like an errant ſtep-mother; "they are pleaſed with nothing; cut a ſteak from "what part you will, and it is inſupportably tough; "dreſs it up with pickles,—even pickles cannot "procure them an appetite. But the whole "creation is filled with good things for the "beggar; Calvert's butt out-taſtes champaigne, "and Sedgeley's home-brewed excels Tokay. "Though our eſtates lie no where, we have "fortunes wherever we go. If an inundation "ſweeps away half the grounds of Cornwall, "I am content; I have no lands there: if the "ſtocks ſink, that gives me no uneaſineſs; I am "no Jew." (*Be fluently ſmart throughout the whole of what the Player ſays, which forms a moſt pleaſing contraſt to the deliberate method in which you ought to read any obſervation that intervenes.*) The fellow's vivacity, joined to his poverty, I own, raiſed my curioſity to know ſomething of his life and circumſtances; and I entreated that he would indulge my deſire. "That I will, Sir," ſaid he, "and welcome, only let us drink to prevent

"our

" our ſleeping; let us have another tankard
" while we are awake; let us have another
" tankard; for ah! how charming a tankard
" looks when full!" (*To give a proper life and ſpirit to this character, you ought to enter, in ſome parts, a little into the acting of them. Action, if well applied as you go on, may be frequently practiſed with great effect.*)

" You muſt know then, Sir, that I am very
" well deſcended; my anceſtors have made ſome
" noiſe in the world; for my mother cried oyſters,
" and my father beat a drum: I am told we have
" even had ſome trumpeters in our family."
(*We cannot ſufficiently recommend to the reader a ſmart volubility of utterance throughout moſt parts of the following narrative; for if this be not attended to, your manner of going through it will appear inſufferably heavy to the hearer. You muſt, however, preſerve at the ſame time a clear, diſtinct articulation, and neatly point thoſe expreſſions that require ſuch a diſtinction.*) " Many a nobleman cannot ſhew ſo
" reſpectful a genealogy: but that is neither here
" nor there. As I was their only child, my
" father deſigned to breed me up to his own
" employment, which was that of a drummer
" to a puppet-ſhow. Thus the whole employ-
" ment of my younger years was that of inter-
" preter to Punch, and king Solomon in all his
" glory. But though my father was very fond of
" inſtructing me in beating all the marches and
" points of war, I made no very great progreſs,

" becauſe I had naturally no ear for muſic;
" ſo at the age of fifteen, I went and liſted for a
" ſoldier. As I had ever hated beating a drum,
" ſo I ſoon found that I diſliked carrying a muſket
" alſo; neither the one trade nor the other were
" to my taſte, for I was by nature fond of being a
" gentleman: beſides I was obliged to obey my
" captain; he has his will, I have mine, and you
" have yours: now I very reaſonably concluded
" that it was much more comfortable for a man to
" obey his own will than another's." (*If you find the attention of the hearer in the leaſt ſlackened, you may be aſſured, if it do not ariſe from a want of taſte on his part, that you have not gotten a ſufficient hold of the ſpirit of the Writer. The lively pleaſant manner in which the whole relation is told, cannot fail of producing the moſt pleaſurable effect if well delivered.*)

" The life of a ſoldier ſoon therefore gave
" me the ſpleen: I aſked leave to quit the
" ſervice; but, as I was tall and ſtrong, my
" captain thanked me for my kind intention, and
" ſaid, becauſe he had a regard for me, we ſhould
" not part. I wrote to my father a very diſmal peni-
" tent letter, and deſired that he would raiſe money
" to pay for my diſcharge; but the good man was
" as fond of drinking as I was; (Sir, my ſervice
" to you;) and thoſe who are fond of drinking
" never pay for other people's diſcharges: in
" ſhort, he never anſwered my letter. What
" could be done? If I have not money, ſaid I to
" myſelf,

" myſelf, to pay for my diſcharge, I muſt find an
" equivalent ſome other way; and that muſt
" be by running away. I deſerted, and that
" anſwered my purpoſe every bit as well as if
" I had bought my diſcharge.

" Well, I was now fairly rid of my military em-
" ployment: I ſold my ſoldier's clothes, and
" bought worſe; and, in order not to be over-
" taken, took the moſt unfrequented roads
" poſſible. One evening, as I was entering a
" village, I perceived a man, whom I afterwards
" found to be the curate of the pariſh, thrown
" from his horſe in a miry road, and almoſt
" ſmothered in the mud. He deſired my aſſiſt-
" ance; I gave it, and drew him out with ſome
" difficulty. He thanked me for my trouble,
" and was going off; but I followed him home,
" for I loved always to have a man thank me
" at his own door. The curate aſked an hundred
" queſtions; as, whoſe ſon I was; from whence I
" came; and whether I would be faithful? I
" anſwered him greatly to his ſatisfaction; and
" gave myſelf one of the beſt characters in the
" world for ſobriety, (Sir, I have the honour
" of drinking your health,) diſcretion, and fide-
" lity. To make a long ſtory ſhort, he wanted a
" ſervant, and hired me. With him I lived but
" two months; we did not much like each other;
" I was fond of eating, and he gave me but little
" to eat; I loved a pretty girl, and the old
" woman, my fellow-ſervant, was ill-natured and

" ugly. As they endeavoured to ſtarve me " between them, I made a pious reſolution to " prevent their committing murder. I ſtole the " eggs as ſoon as they were laid; I emptied " every unfiniſhed bottle that I could lay my " hands on; whatever eatable came in my way " was ſure to diſappear: in ſhort, they found " I would not do; ſo I was diſcharged one morn- " ing and paid three ſhillings and ſixpence for " two months wages.

" While my money was getting ready, I em- " ployed myſelf in making preparations for my " departure: two hens were hatching in an out- " houſe; I went and habitually took the eggs, and, " not to ſeparate the parents from the children, I " lodged hens and all in my knapſack." (*When a ſtriking incident or circumſtance is introduced, you muſt give it greater point, or ſomething more of the emphatic, in the reading, than in other places of the narrative.*) " After this piece of frugality, " I returned to receive my money; and with my " knapſack on my back, and a ſtaff in my hand, " I bid adieu, with tears in my eyes, to my " old benefactor. I had not gone far from the " houſe, when I heard behind me the cry of Stop " thief! but this only increaſed my diſpatch; it " would have been fooliſh to ſtop, as I knew " the voice could not be levelled at me. But " hold—I think I paſſed thoſe two months at the " curate's without drinking. Come, the times " are dry; and may this be my poiſon, if ever

" I ſpent

" I ſpent two more pious, ſtupid months in all my " life." (*Take care, as you go on, not to ſlacken in your vivacity and ſprightlineſs, but keep them up with unabated ſpirit and vigour.*)

" Well, after travelling ſome days, whom " ſhould I light upon but a company of ſtrolling " players? The moment I ſaw them at a diſtance, " my heart warmed to them; I had a ſort of " natural love for every thing of the vagabond " order: they were employed in ſettling their " baggage, which had been overturned in a narrow " way. I offered my aſſiſtance, which they ac- " cepted; and we ſoon became ſo well acquainted, " that they took me as a ſervant. This was a " paradiſe to me; they ſung, danced, drank, eat, " and travelled, all at the ſame time. By the blood " of the Mirabels, I thought I had never lived till " then; I grew as merry as a grig, and laughed " at every word that was ſpoken. They liked " me as much as I liked them; I was a very " good figure, as you ſee; and, though I was " poor, I was not modeſt.

" I love a ſtraggling life above all things in the " world; ſometimes good, ſometimes bad; to be " warm to-day, and cold to-morrow, to eat when " one can get it, and drink when (the tankard " is out, Sir) it ſtands before me." (*The paren- theſes occaſionally introduced are rather difficult to manage with propriety. The words which they contain muſt be ſpoken with a good deal of humour, but ſo managed as not to injure the harmony of the ſentence*

ſentence in the delivery.) "We arrived that evening "at Tenderden, and took a large room at the "Greyhound; where we reſolved to exhibit "Romeo and Juliet, with the funeral proceſſion, "the grave, and the garden-ſcene. Romeo was "to be performed by a gentleman from the "Theatre-Royal in Drury-Lane; Juliet by a lady "who had never appeared on any ſtage before; "and I was to ſnuff the candles; all excellent in "our way. We had figures enough, but the "difficulty was to dreſs them. The ſame coat "that ſerved Romeo, turned with the blue lining "outwards, ſerved for his friend Mercutio; a large "piece of crape ſufficed at once for Juliet's petti-"coat and pall; a peſtle and mortar from a "neighbouring apothecary's anſwered all the pur-"poſes of a bell; and our landlord's own family, "wrapped in white ſheets, ſerved to fill up the "proceſſion. In ſhort, there were but three "figures among us that might be ſaid to be dreſſed "with any propriety; I mean the nurſe, the "ſtarved apothecary, and myſelf.—Our perform-"ance gave univerſal ſatisfaction: the whole "audience were enchanted with our powers; and "Tenderden is a town of taſte.

"There is one rule by which a ſtrolling player "may be ever ſecure of ſucceſs; that is, in our "theatrical way of expreſſing it, to make a great "deal of the character. To ſpeak and act as in "common life, is not playing; nor is it what peo-"ple come to ſee: natural ſpeaking, like ſweet

"wine,

" wine, runs glibly over the palate, and ſcarce " leaves any taſte behind it; but being high in a " part reſembles vinegar, which grates upon the " taſte, and one feels it while he is drinking. To " pleaſe the town or country, the way is, to cry, " wring, cringe into attitudes, mark the emphaſis, " flap the pockets, and labour like one in the fall- " ing ſickneſs: that is the way to work for ap- " plauſe, that is the way to gain it." (*If you find your hearer inattentive, you muſt rouſe him by ſome unexpected exertion of voice and look, which, perhaps, the ſenſe might not otherwiſe have required: the place, however, muſt be watched where this may be practiſed without any evident violation of the meaning or ſpirit of the ſentiment.*)

" As we received much reputation for our ſkill on " this firſt exhibition, it was but natural for me to " aſcribe part of the ſucceſs to myſelf. I ſnuffed " the candles, and, let me tell you, that without " a candle-ſnuffer, the piece would loſe half its " embelliſhments. In this manner we continued " a fortnight, and drew tolerable houſes; but the " evening before our intended departure we gave " out our very beſt piece, in which all our ſtrength " was to be exerted. We had great expectations " from this, and even doubled our prices; when, " behold, one of the principal actors fell ill of a " violent fever. This was a ſtroke like thunder " to our little company; they were reſolved to go, " in a body, to ſcold the man for falling ſick at " ſo inconvenient a time, and that, too, of a diſ-

" order

" order that threatened to be expenſive. I ſeized " the moment, and offered to act the part myſelf " in his ſtead. The caſe was deſperate, they ac- " cepted my offer; and I accordingly ſat down, " with the part in my hand and a tankard before " me, (Sir, your health,) and ſtudied the charac- " ter, which was to be rehearſed the next day, " and played ſoon after.

" I found my memory exceſſively helped by " drinking: I learned my part with aſtoniſhing " rapidity, and bid adieu to ſnuffing candles ever " after. I found that Nature had deſigned me for " more noble employments, and I was reſolved to " take her when in the humour. We got together " in order to rehearſe, and I informed my compa- " nions, maſters now no longer, of the ſurprifing " change I felt within me. Let the ſick man, ſaid " I, be under no uneaſineſs to get well again; I'll " fill his place to univerſal ſatisfaction; he may " even die if he thinks proper; I'll engage that " he ſhall never be miſſed. I rehearſed before " them, ſtrutted, ranted, and received applauſe." (*As the ſtory advances, appear to enter more and more into the ſpirit of it; and as the warmth increaſes, let your delivery glow in proportion.*) " They ſoon " gave out that a new actor of eminence was to " appear, and immediately all the genteel places " were beſpoke. Before I aſcended the ſtage, " however, I concluded within myſelf, that, as I " brought money to the houſe, I ought to have " my ſhare of the profits. Gentlemen, ſaid I,

" addreſſing

" addreſſing our company, I don't pretend to
" direct you; far be it from me to treat you with
" ſo much ingratitude; you have publiſhed my
" name in the bills with the utmoſt good-nature;
" and, as affairs ſtand, cannot act without me: ſo,
" gentlemen, to ſhew you my gratitude, I expect
" to be paid for my acting as much as any of you,
" otherwiſe I declare off; I'll brandiſh my ſnuffers,
" and clip candles as uſual. This was a very diſ-
" agreeable propoſal; but they found that it was
" impoſſible to refuſe it; it was irreſiſtible, it was
" adamant: they conſented, and I went on in King
" Bajazet;" (*You muſt give to the following deſcrip-
tion of himſelf a great pompoſity of expreſſion.*) " my
" frowning brows bound with a ſtocking ſtuffed
" into a turban, while on my captiv'd arms I
" brandiſhed a jack-chain. Nature ſeemed to have
" fitted me for the part; I was tall, and had a
" loud voice: my very entrance excited univerſal
" applauſe; I looked round on the audience with a
" ſmile, and made a moſt low and graceful bow,
" for that is the rule among us. As it was a very
" paſſionate part, I invigorated my ſpirits with
" three full glaſſes (the tankard is almoſt out, Sir,)
" of brandy. By Alla! it is almoſt inconceivable
" how I went thro' it; Tamerlane was but a fool
" to me; tho' he was ſometimes loud enough too,
" yet I was ſtill louder than he: but then, beſides,
" I had attitudes in abundance: in general I kept
" my arms folded up thus, upon the pit of my
" ſtomach; it is the way at Drury-Lane, and

" has

" has always a fine effect. The tankard would " ſink to the bottom before I could get thro' the " whole of my merits; in ſhort, I came off like a " prodigy; and, ſuch was my ſucceſs, that I could " raviſh the laurels even from a ſurloin of beef. " The principal gentlemen and ladies of the town " came to me after the play was over, to compli- " ment me upon my ſucceſs; one praiſed my voice, " another my perſon: Upon my word, ſays the " 'ſquire's lady, he will make one of the fineſt " actors in Europe; I ſay it, and I think I am " ſomething of a judge. Praiſe in the beginning " is agreeable enough, and we receive it as a favor; " but when it comes in great quantities, we regard " it only as a debt, which nothing but our merit " could extort: inſtead of thanking them, I in- " ternally applauded myſelf. We were deſired to " give our piece a ſecond time; we obeyed, and I " was applauded even more than before.

" At laſt we left the town, in order to be at a " horſe-race at ſome diſtance from thence. I ſhall " never think of Tenderden without tears of gra- " titude and reſpect. The ladies and gentlemen " there, take my word for it, are very good judges " of plays and actors. Come, let us drink their " healths, if you pleaſe, Sir. We quitted the " town, I ſay; and there was a wide difference " between my coming in and going out: I entered " the town a candle-ſnuffer, and I quitted it an " hero! Such is the world! little to-day and great " to-morrow. I could ſay a great deal more upon

" that ſubject; ſomething truly ſublime upon the " ups and downs of fortune; but it would give " us both the ſpleen, and ſo I ſhall paſs it over." (*We have not interrupted the reader for ſome time by any obſervation from us, as we had nothing to recommend particularly but what we often before adviſed him, namely, a lively and pleaſant manner of going through the whole of this narrative. This we truſt the ſcholar has not loſt ſight of, as it is indiſpenſably neceſſary in order to preſerve the ſtory from hanging upon the attention.*)

" The races were ended before we arrived at the " next town, which was no ſmall diſappointment " to our company; however, we were reſolved to " take all we could get. I played capital characters " there too, and came off with my uſual brilliancy. " I ſincerely believe I ſhould have been the firſt " actor in Europe, had my growing merit been " properly cultivated; but there came an unkindly " froſt which nipped me in the bud, and levelled " me once more down to the common ſtandard of " humanity. I played Sir Harry Wildair; all the " country ladies were charmed: if I but drew out " my ſnuff-box, the whole houſe was in a roar " of rapture; when I exerciſed my cudgel, I " thought they would have fallen into convul- " ſions." (*The circumſtance above alluded to, he is now going to mention, and you muſt read it with a little more deliberation, and by your manner and looks keep up the curioſity of the hearer to know what is to follow.*)

" There

" There was here a lady who had received an
" education of nine months in London; and this
" gave her pretenſions to taſte, which rendered
" her the indiſputable miſtreſs of the ceremonies
" wherever ſhe came. She was informed of my
" merits; every body praiſed me; yet ſhe refuſed
" at firſt going to ſee me perform; ſhe could not
" conceive, ſhe ſaid, any thing but ſtuff from a
" ſtroller; talked ſomething in praiſe of Garrick, and
" amazed the ladies with her ſkill in enunciations,
" tones, and cadences. She was at laſt, however,
" prevailed upon to go; and it was privately in-
" timated to me what a judge was to be preſent at
" my next exhibition. However, no way intimi-
" dated, I came on in Sir Harry, one hand ſtuck
" in my breeches, and the other in my boſom, as
" uſual at Drury-Lane; but, inſtead of looking at
" me, I perceived the whole audience had their
" eyes turned upon the lady who had been nine
" months in London; from her they expected the
" deciſion which was to ſecure the general's
" truncheon in my hand, or ſink me down into a
" theatrical letter-carrier. I opened my ſnuff-box,
" took ſnuff—the lady was ſolemn, and ſo were
" the reſt. I broke the cudgel on Alderman
" Smuggler's back—ſtill gloomy, melancholy all;
" the lady groaned, and ſhrugged her ſhoulders.
" I attempted, by laughing myſelf, to excite at
" leaſt a ſmile;—but the devil a cheek could I
" perceive wrinkled into ſympathy: I found it
" would not do; all my good-humour now became
" forced;

"forced; my laughter was converted into hyſteric "grinning; and, while I pretended ſpirits, my "eye ſhewed the agony of my heart. In ſhort, "the lady came with an intention to be diſpleaſed, "and diſpleaſed ſhe was; my fame expired; I am "here, and—(the tankard is no more!)"

This Eſſay is now brought to a concluſion; and although it runs to a conſiderable length, ſtill, if properly read, it is ſure to afford abundant pleaſure to moſt hearers, ſhould they be even deficient of a more refined taſte for the higher claſſes of reading. In many places the reader may aſſume a little of the actor, which will give that variety to the piece in its delivery that muſt inſure ſucceſs. We ſhall preſent the ſcholar another paper by the ſame writer, written with all that ſtrict obſervance of nature, ſo diſtinguiſhable throughout moſt of his productions. The reflections at the commencement muſt be read with proper deliberation, but not with a tone in the leaſt drawling or heavy. A regular tenor of ſound ought to be attended to, with no ſudden catches or ſnaps in your voice, which would mar and deſtroy the beauty and effect of the whole.

THE DISABLED SOLDIER.

No obſervation is more common, and at the ſame time more true, than that one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble ſufferers: the great, under the preſſure of calamity, are conſcious of ſeveral others ſympathizing with their diſtreſs; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in ſuch circumſtances will act bravely, even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obſcurity, can brave adverſity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate his misfortunes, can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peaſant or courtier, he deſerves admiration, and ſhould be held up for our imitation and reſpect. (*From the words* 'but he 'who, in the vale,' *&c. to the concluſion of the period, muſt be read with ſomething more of emphatic impreſſion than the preceding part, as their meaning has ſome tendency to the nature of the ſtory that is to follow.*)

While the ſlighteſt inconveniences of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths

out

out their ſufferings in all the ſtrains of eloquence, the miſeries of the poor are entirely diſregarded; (*From the beginning of this ſentence to the word* 'eloquence,' *with a tone, look, and manner expreſſive of ſome little contempt, which you immediately throw off at the comma, and to the ſemicolon pronounce the words with a pathetic commiſeration, a tincture of which you may give to the remainder of the ſentence; it cloſes in the following manner.*) and yet ſome of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardſhips in one day, than thoſe of a more exalted ſtation ſuffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meaneſt of our common ſailors and ſoldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without paſſionately declaiming againſt Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of miſery, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardſhips; whoſe greateſt calamity was that of being unable to viſit a certain ſpot of earth, to which they had fooliſhly attached an idea of happineſs. Their diſtreſſes were pleaſures compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and ſlept; they had ſlaves to attend them, and were ſure of ſubſiſtence for life: (*Now melt a little into the pathos.*) while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to

comfort or aſſiſt them, and even without ſhelter from the ſeverity of the ſeaſon.

I have been led into theſe reflections from accidentally meeting, ſome days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dreſſed in a ſailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honeſt and induſtrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his preſent ſituation; wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I deſired to know the hiſtory of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his preſent diſtreſs. The diſabled ſoldier, for ſuch he was, though dreſſed in a ſailor's habit, ſcratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himſelf into an attitude to comply with my requeſt, and gave me his hiſtory, as follows: (*You ought now to aſſume ſome little of the actor, and let your voice be low-toned. You muſt alſo adopt a kind of blunt honeſty of expreſſion throughout the whole of the following.*)

" As for my misfortunes, maſter, I can't pretend " to have gone through any more than other folks; " for, except the loſs of my limb, and my being " obliged to beg, I don't know any reaſon, thank " Heaven, that I have to complain; there is Bill " Tibbs of our regiment, he has loſt both his " legs, and an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, " it is not ſo bad with me yet." (*An ingenuous roughneſs of delivery in the enſuing relation, we cannot ſufficiently recommend to the reader.*)

" I was

" I was born in Shropſhire; my father was a " labourer, and died when I was five years old; ſo " I was put upon the pariſh. As he had been " a wandering ſort of a man, the pariſhioners were " not able to tell to what pariſh I belonged, or " where I was born; ſo they ſent me to another " pariſh, and that pariſh ſent me to a third. I " thought in my heart, they kept ſending me " about ſo long, that they would not let me be " born in any pariſh at all; but at laſt, however, " they fixed me. I had ſome diſpoſition to be a " ſcholar, and was reſolved, at leaſt, to know my " letters; but the maſter of the workhouſe put " me to buſineſs as ſoon as I was able to handle a " mallet; and here I lived an eaſy kind of life for " five years. I only wrought ten hours in the day, " and had my meat and drink provided for my " labour. It is true, I was not ſuffered to ſtir out " of the houſe, for fear, as they ſaid, I ſhould run " away. But what of that? I had the liberty of " the whole houſe, and the yard before the door, " and that was enough for me. I was then bound out " to a farmer, where I was up both early and late; " but I ate and drank well, and liked my buſineſs " well enough, till he died, when I was obliged to " provide for myſelf; ſo I was reſolved to go ſeek " my fortune.

" In this manner I went from town to town, " worked when I could get employment, and " ſtarved when I could get none; when happen- " ing one day to go through a field belonging to a

" juſtice of peace, I ſpied a hare croſſing the path " juſt before me; and I believe the devil put it " in my head to fling my ſtick at it:—Well, what " will you have on't?" (*Theſe little incidents, which are ſprinkled throughout the piece, muſt not be lightly paſſed over in the reading; for in the blunt roughneſs we before adviſed, you ought, with ſome degree of art, to impreſs them on the attention without any apparent endeavour to do ſo.*) " I killed the " hare, and was bringing it away, when the juſtice " himſelf met me: he called me a poacher and a " villain; and collaring me, deſired I would give " an account of myſelf. I fell upon my knees, " begged his worſhip's pardon, and began to give " a full account of all that I knew of my breed, " ſeed, and generation; but though I gave a very " true account, the juſtice ſaid I could give no " account, ſo I was indicted at the ſeſſions, found " guilty of being poor, and ſent up to London to " Newgate, in order to be tranſported as a vaga- " bond.

" People may ſay this and that of being in jail; " but, for my part, I found Newgate as agreeable " a place as ever I was in in all my life. I had " my belly full to eat and drink, and did no work " at all. This kind of life was too good to laſt " for ever, ſo I was taken out of priſon, after five " months, put on board a ſhip, and ſent off, " with two hundred more, to the plantations. We " had but an indifferent paſſage; for being all con- " fined in the hold, more than a hundred of our

" people

" people died for want of ſweet air; and thoſe
" that remained were ſickly enough, God knows.
" When we came a-ſhore, we were ſold to the plan-
" ters, and I was bound for ſeven years more. As
" I was no ſcholar, for I did not know my letters,
" I was obliged to work among the negroes, and
" I ſerved out my time, as in duty bound to do.

" When my time was expired, I worked my
" paſſage home; and glad I was to ſee Old
" England again, becauſe I love my country. I
" was afraid, however, that I ſhould be indicted
" for a vagabond once more; ſo did not much
" care to go down into the country, but kept
" about the town, and did little jobs, when I could
" get them.

" I was very happy in this manner for ſome
" time, till one evening, coming home from work,
" two men knocked me down, and then deſired
" me to ſtand." (*Here is a circumſtance related, not to mention others that have gone before, which ought to be rather more forcibly marked, as we adviſed juſt now.*) " They belonged to a preſs-gang. I was
" carried before the juſtice, and, as I could give no
" account of myſelf, I had my choice left, whether
" to go on board a man of war, or liſt for a ſoldier.
" I choſe the latter; and, in this poſt of a gentle-
" man, I ſerved two campaigns in Flanders, was
" at the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and re-
" ceived but one wound, thro' the breaſt here;
" but the doctor of our regiment ſoon made me
" well again.

"When the peace came on, I was diſcharged; "and, as I could not work, becauſe my wound "was ſometimes troubleſome, I liſted for a land-"man, in the Eaſt-India company's ſervice. I "have fought the French in ſix pitched battles; "and I verily believe, that, if I could read or "write, our captain would have made me a cor-"poral. But it was not my good fortune to have "any promotion, for I ſoon fell ſick, and ſo got "leave to return home again, with forty pounds "in my pocket. This was at the beginning of the "preſent war, and I hoped to be ſet on ſhore, and "to have the pleaſure of ſpending my money; but "the government wanted men, and ſo I was preſſed "for a ſailor before ever I could ſet foot on ſhore. "The boatſwain found me, as he ſaid, an obſtinate "fellow: he ſwore he knew that I underſtood my "buſineſs well, but that I ſhammed Abraham, to "be idle; but God knows, I knew nothing of "ſea-buſineſs, and he beat me without conſidering "what he was about. I had ſtill, however, my "forty pounds, and that was ſome comfort to me "under every beating, and the money I might have "had to this day, but that our ſhip was taken by "the French, and ſo I loſt all.

"Our crew was carried into Breſt, and many of "them died, becauſe they were not uſed to live in "a jail; but for my part, it was nothing to me, for "I was ſeaſoned." (*Make as much of the following circumſtance as you can in the reading, ſo as thereby to raiſe the curioſity of your hearer to know what you*

are

are going to relate.) "One night, as I was aſleep "on my bed of boards, with a warm blanket "about me, for I always loved to lie well, I was "awakened by the boatſwain, who had a dark "lantern in his hand." (*You muſt, by your manner of reading this, try to bring the very ſcene deſcribed before the mind's eye of your hearer.*) 'Jack,' "ſays he to me, 'will you knock out the French "centry's brains?'—'I don't care,' ſays I, "ſtriving to keep myſelf awake, 'if I lend a "hand.'—'Then follow me,' ſays he, 'and I "hope we ſhall do the buſineſs.' So up I got, "and tied my blanket, which was all the clothes "I had, about my middle, and went with him to "fight the Frenchmen. I hate the French be-"cauſe they are all ſlaves, and wear wooden "ſhoes.

"Though we had no arms, one Engliſhman "is able to beat five French at any time; ſo "we went down to the door, where both the "centries were poſted, and ruſhing upon them, "ſeized their arms in a moment, and knocked "them down. From thence, nine of us ran "together to the quay, and ſeized the firſt boat "we met, got out of the harbour, and put to ſea. "We had not been here three days before we were "taken up by the Dorſet privateer, who were "glad of ſo many hands; and we conſented "to run our chance. However, we had not ſo "much luck as we expected. In three days we

"fell

" fell in with the Pompadour privateer of forty " guns, while we had but twenty-three; ſo to it we " went, yard-arm and yard-arm. The fight laſted " for three hours, and I verily believe we ſhould " have taken the Frenchman, had we but had " ſome more men left behind; but unfortunately " we loſt all our men juſt as we were going to " get the victory.

" I was once more in the power of the French, and " I believe it would have gone hard with me had " I been brought back to Breſt; but by good " fortune, we were retaken by the Viper. I had " almoſt forgot to tell you, that in that engage- " ment, I was wounded in two places: I loſt four " fingers off the left hand, and my leg was ſhot off. " If I had had the good fortune to have loſt my " leg and uſe of my hand on board a king's ſhip, " and not a-board a privateer, I ſhould have " been entitled to cloathing and maintenance during " the reſt of my life; but that was not my chance: " one man is born with a ſilver ſpoon in his " mouth, and another with a wooden ladle. " However, bleſſed be God! I enjoy good health, " and will for ever love liberty and old England. " Liberty, property, and old England for ever; " huzza!" (*The narrative being now finiſhed, you muſt lower your voice, and entirely throw off that aſſumed roughneſs which we adviſed throughout the detail:—the next and only ſentence with deliberation, and in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearer that the whole*

whole is near a concluſion, or he will not probably be inclined to liſten any further after the ſoldier is done.)

Thus ſaying, he limped off, leaving me in admiration at his intrepidity and content; nor could I avoid acknowledging, that an habitual acquaintance with miſery, ſerves better than philoſophy to teach us to deſpiſe it. (*Do not permit the laſt words of your ſentences to drop in ſuch a careleſs manner, (a common method,) as to be ſcarcely intelligible. This is an abominable error, and ought to be avoided.*)

We ſhall now direct the reader's attention to ſome of the writings of Sterne, an author who, when well and feelingly read, affords at leaſt as much delight to a hearer of taſte and diſcrimination, as any proſe writer with whom we are acquainted. The difficulty, however, of accompliſhing this, is perhaps much greater than the generality of people imagine: and to lay down any fixed ſyſtem of rules, in order to facilitate the labour of the ſcholar in the attainment of this power, would anſwer but little purpoſe, and would alſo be foreign to the method we have hitherto purſued. We ſhall therefore proceed in our plan, and begin with this writer by inſerting that beautiful and natural compoſition which, in various parts, ſo irreſiſtibly attacks the heart, namely, The

Story

Story of Le Fever; and as we advance in it, we ſhall make ſuch obſervations and remarks as we hope will aſſiſt the reader as he goes on.

Begin the following with a tone rather full and particularly clear, with your articulation very diſtinct. The uſe of appropriate action in reading this Author may be frequently allowed, and we ſhall point out ſome few of the ſituations where it may be practiſed with effect, and leave the reader to exerciſe his judgment in diſcovering other places where it may alſo be uſed with equal ſucceſs.

THE STORY OF LE FEVER.

It was ſome time in the ſummer of that year in which Dendermond was taken by the allies,—which was about ſeven years before my father came into the country,—and about as many after the time that my uncle Toby and Trim had privately decamped from my father's houſe in town, in order to lay ſome of the fineſt ſieges to ſome of the fineſt fortified cities in Europe——when (*Here you may make a pauſe.*) my uncle Toby was one evening getting his ſupper, with Trim ſitting behind him at a ſmall ſideboard; (*Endeavour to bring the picture deſcribed before the hearer by your mode of reading.*) the landlord of a little inn in the village came into the parlour with an empty phial in his hand, to beg a glaſs or two of ſack; (*In what the landlord ſays throw ſomething of a manly*

manly pathetic tone.) 'Tis for a poor gentleman,—I think, of the army, ſaid the landlord, who has been taken ill at my houſe four days ago, and has never held up his head ſince, or had a deſire to taſte any thing, till juſt now, that he has a fancy for a glaſs of ſack and a thin toaſt.——*I think,* ſays he, taking his hand from his forehead, *it would comfort me.*———(*The words in Italics ſtill more pathetic than what we adviſed before, and the other words in the ſame ſentence to be ſpoken as if placed between a parentheſis.*)

——If I could neither beg, borrow, nor buy ſuch a thing—added the landlord,—I would almoſt ſteal it for the poor gentleman, he is ſo ill.——I hope in God he will ſtill mend, continued he,—we are all of us concerned for him. (*There is a roughneſs, yet, at the ſame time, an honeſty in the character of the landlord, that you muſt take care to preſerve by your expreſſion.—You come now to what my uncle Toby ſays in reply, and he is ſo prominent a character in the ſtory, that you muſt particularly make a point to give the hearer a proper impreſſion of him. The writer has drawn him poſſeſſing ſo much real probity of diſpoſition, and with ſuch an open ingenuous conduct in every thing he undertakes, that you muſt bring him moſt conſpicuouſly forward before the notice of the hearer by your manner of expreſſing whatever he ſays, in which there muſt be a blunt unreſtrained honeſty, blended throughout the whole, to ſhew at once the perſon you are delineating.*)

Thou

Thou art a good-natured ſoul, I will anſwer for thee, cried my uncle Toby; and thou ſhalt drink the poor gentleman's health in a glaſs of ſack thyſelf,—and take a couple of bottles, with my ſervice, and tell him he is heartily welcome to them, and to a dozen more if they will do him good. (*Throw as much frankneſs and ſincerity into your delivery of all he ſays, as you poſſibly can.*)

Though I am perſuaded, ſaid my uncle Toby, as the landlord ſhut the door, he is a very compaſſionate fellow—Trim,—yet I cannot help entertaining a high opinion of his gueſt too; there muſt be ſomething more than common in him, that in ſo ſhort a time ſhould win ſo much upon the affections of his hoſt;——(*Give more coarſeneſs of expreſſion to what the corporal ſays.*) And of his whole family, added the corporal, for they are all concerned for him.——Step after him, ſaid my uncle Toby,—do Trim,—and aſk if he knows his name. (*Your pauſes may be longer in reading Sterne than in thoſe of any other author; but during the time, you muſt take care to ſupport, by your look and manner, the particular character before you.*)

——I have quite forgot it, truly, ſaid the landlord, coming back into the parlour with the corporal,—(*There is a frequent introduction of words by this writer, in a ſentence, that although not marked by a parentheſis, ſtill muſt be ſpoken as if they were; ſuch as, for inſtance, from* ' ſaid the landlord,' *&c. to the end. You muſt deliver them with leſs care, and in a lower*

lower key.) but I can aſk his ſon again:——Has he a ſon with him then? ſaid my uncle Toby.—A boy, replied the landlord, of about eleven or twelve years of age;—but the poor creature has taſted almoſt as little as his father; he does nothing but mourn and lament for him night and day:——He has not ſtirred from the bed-ſide theſe two days. (*Let your tone be different when reading what my uncle Toby ſays, and the landlord. Give the latter more roughneſs of expreſſion, and in ſome parts of what he has juſt ſaid, to mingle a little of manly pathos would have the proper effect.*)

My uncle Toby laid down his knife and fork, and thruſt his plate from before him, as the landlord gave him the account; and Trim, without being ordered, took away without ſaying one word, and in a few minutes after brought him his pipe and tobacco. (*Uſe ſuch action in the preceding ſentence, as to bring the very ſcene deſcribed before the mind's eye of the hearer. Your voice muſt of courſe be lower than the tone in which you read the landlord's account of Le Fever.*)

——Stay in the room a little, ſaid my uncle Toby.

Trim!——ſaid my uncle Toby, after he lighted his pipe, and ſmoaked about a dozen whiffs.——Trim came in front of his maſter, and made his bow;—my uncle Toby ſmoak'd on, and ſaid no more.——Corporal! ſaid my uncle Toby——the corporal made his bow.——My uncle Toby proceeded no farther, but finiſhed his pipe. (*Let*

there be the neceſſary variation of voice and manner as you paſs from one character to another, without which the proper effect will be entirely deſtroyed. Care muſt be taken to expreſs the many half and unfiniſhed periods in the writings of Sterne with that force of which they are ſuſceptible. Each, if well expreſſed, will convey a meaning well worthy the attention of the hearer.)

Trim! ſaid my uncle Toby, I have a project in my head, as it is a bad night, of wrapping myſelf up warm in my roquelaure, and paying a viſit to this poor gentleman.——(*Do not forget that coarſeneſs of expreſſion we adviſed in delivering the corporal's words.*) Your honour's roquelaure, replied the corporal, has not once been had on, ſince the night before your honour received your wound, when we mounted guard in the trenches before the gate of St. Nicholas;——and beſides, it is ſo cold and rainy a night, that what with the roquelaure, and what with the weather, 'twill be enough to give your honour your death, and bring on your honour's torment in your groin. I fear ſo, replied my uncle Toby; but I am not at reſt in my mind, Trim, ſince the account the landlord has given me.——I wiſh I had not known ſo much of this affair,—added my uncle Toby,—or that I had known more of it:——How ſhall we manage it? (*Let there be a diſquietude expreſſed in the countenance while reading the above.*) Leave it, an't pleaſe your honour, to me, quoth the corporal;——I'll take my hat and ſtick, and go to the houſe

and reconnoitre, and act accordingly; and I will bring your honour a full account in an hour.——Thou ſhalt go, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, and here's a ſhilling for thee to drink with his ſervant.——I ſhall get it all out of him, ſaid the corporal, ſhutting the door.

My uncle Toby filled his ſecond pipe; and had it not been, that he now and then wandered from the point, with conſidering whether it was not full as well to have the curtain of the tennaile a ſtraight line, as a crooked one,—he might be ſaid to have thought of nothing elſe but poor Le Fever and his boy the whole time he ſmoked it.

It was not till my uncle Toby had knocked the aſhes out of his third pipe, that corporal Trim returned from the inn, and gave him the following account. (*Now raiſe your voice, and re-aſſume the ſame tone, look, and manner, you had before uſed in delineating the corporal. Let them be always uniformly alike, ſo as at once to ſhew the obſerver whom you would repreſent.*)

I deſpaired, at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back your honour any kind of intelligence concerning the poor ſick lieutenant—Is he in the army, then? ſaid my uncle Toby——He is, ſaid the corporal——And in what regiment? ſaid my uncle Toby——I'll tell your honour, replied the corporal, every thing ſtraight forwards, as I learnt it.—Then, Trim, I'll fill another pipe, ſaid my uncle Toby, and not interrupt thee till thou haſt done; ſo ſet down at thy eaſe, Trim,

in the window-ſeat, and begin thy ſtory again. (*Whenever a ſuſpenſion of the dialogue takes place by any intervening obſervation or relation in the ſtory, your voice muſt be in a lower key.*) The corporal made his old bow, which generally ſpoke as plain as a bow could ſpeak it—" Your honour is good:" ——And having done that, he ſat down, as he was ordered,—and begun the ſtory to my uncle Toby over again in pretty near the ſame words. (*Now uſe the ſame tone, &c. as we adviſed you to adopt in reading what the corporal ſays.*)

I deſpaired at firſt, ſaid the corporal, of being able to bring back any intelligence to your honour, about the lieutenant and his ſon; for when I aſked where his ſervant was, from whom I made myſelf ſure of knowing every thing which was proper to be aſked,—That's a right diſtinction, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby—I was anſwered, an' pleaſe your honour, that he had no ſervant with him;——that he had come to the inn with hired horſes, which, upon finding himſelf unable to proceed, (to join, I ſuppoſe, the regiment,) he had diſmiſſed the morning after he came.—If I get better, my dear, ſaid he, as he gave his purſe to his ſon to pay the man,—we can hire horſes from hence.——But alas! the poor gentleman will never get from hence, ſaid the landlady to me,—for I heard the death-watch all night long;——and when he dies, the youth, his ſon, will certainly die with him; for he is broken-hearted already. (*You muſt mingle, occaſionally, ſomething of the pathetic in the corporal's detail. Nothing*

thing affected, or apparently ſtudied, will at all do; but let all be ſimple, candid, and ingenuous.)

I was hearing this account, continued the corporal, when the youth came into the kitchen, to order the thin toaſt the landlord ſpoke of;——but I will do it for my father myſelf, ſaid the youth.——Pray let me ſave you the trouble, young gentleman, ſaid I, taking up a fork for the purpoſe, and offering him my chair to ſit down upon by the fire, whilſt I did it.——I believe, Sir, ſaid he, very modeſtly, I can pleaſe him beſt myſelf.——I am ſure, ſaid I, his honour will not like the toaſt the worſe for being toaſted by an old ſoldier.——The youth took hold of my hand, and inſtantly burſt into tears. ——Poor youth! ſaid my uncle Toby,—he has been bred up from an infant in the army, and the name of a ſoldier, Trim, ſounded in his ears like the name of a friend;—I wiſh I had him here.

——I never, in the longeſt march, ſaid the corporal, had ſo great a mind to my dinner, as I had to cry with him for company:—What could be the matter with me, an' pleaſe your honour?—Nothing in the world, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, blowing his noſe,—but that thou art a good-natured fellow.

When I gave him the toaſt, continued the corporal, I thought it was proper to tell him I was captain Shandy's ſervant, and that your honour (though a ſtranger) was extremely concerned for his father; —and that if there was any thing in your houſe or cellar——(And thou might'ſt have added my purſe too, ſaid my uncle Toby)——he was heartily wel-

come to it :——He made a very low bow, (which was meant to your honour,) but no anſwer—for his heart was full—ſo he went up ſtairs with the toaſt ;—I warrant you, my dear, ſaid I, as I opened the kitchen-door, your father will be well again. ——Mr. Yorick's curate was ſmoking a pipe by the kitchen fire,—but ſaid not a word good or bad to comfort the youth.——I thought it wrong, added the corporal——I think ſo too, ſaid my uncle Toby. (*Again we recommend your pauſes to be long ; but your looks muſt, in the mean time, be very ſignificant of the meaning and ſpirit of the ſentiment.—You muſt diſcriminate very nicely, and with effect, the tranſition from one character to the other, as we before adviſed.*)

When the lieutenant had taken his glaſs of ſack and toaſt, he felt himſelf a little revived, and ſent down into the kitchen, to let me know, that in about ten minutes he ſhould be glad if I would ſtep up ſtairs.——I believe, ſaid the landlord, he is going to ſay his prayers,——for there was a book laid upon the chair by his bed-ſide, and as I ſhut the door, I ſaw his ſon take up a cuſhion.——

I thought, ſaid the curate, that you gentlemen of the army, Mr. Trim, never ſaid your prayers at all.——I heard the poor gentleman ſay his prayers laſt night, ſaid the landlady, very devoutly, and with my own ears, or I could not have believed it. ——Are you ſure of it? replied the curate.——A ſoldier, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, prays as often (of his own accord) as a parſon ;——and when

when he is fighting for his king, and for his own life, and for his honour too, he has the moſt reaſon to pray to God of any one in the whole world.——'Twas well ſaid of thee, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.——But when a ſoldier, ſaid I, an' pleaſe your reverence, has been ſtanding for twelve hours together in the trenches, up to his knees in cold water,—or engaged, ſaid I, for months together in long and dangerous marches;—haraſſed, perhaps, in his rear to-day;—haraſſing others to-morrow;—detached here;—countermanded there;—reſting this night out upon his arms;—beat up in his ſhirt the next;—benumbed in his joints;—perhaps without ſtraw in his tent to kneel on;—he muſt ſay his prayers how and when he can.—I believe, ſaid I,—for I was piqued, quoth the corporal, for the reputation of the army,—I believe, an' pleaſe your reverence, ſaid I, that when a ſoldier gets time to pray,—he prays as heartily as a parſon,—though not with all his fuſs and hypocriſy.——Thou ſhould'ſt not have ſaid that, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby,—for God only knows who is a hypocrite, and who is not:——(*Give the following a conſiderable weight and impreſſion.*) At the great and general review of us all, corporal, at the day of judgment (and not till then)—it will be ſeen who has done their duties in this world,—and who has not; and we ſhall be advanced, Trim, accordingly.——I hope we ſhall, ſaid Trim.——It is in the Scripture, ſaid my uncle Toby; and I will ſhew it thee to-morrow;—In the mean time we may depend

upon it, Trim, for our comfort, ſaid my uncle Toby, that God Almighty is ſo good and juſt a governor of the world, that if we have but done our duties in it,—it will never be inquired into, whether we have done them in a red coat or a black one:——I hope not, ſaid the corporal——But go on, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby, with thy ſtory. (*Be very careful to ſpeak the foregoing with the effect and method recommended.*)

When I went up, continued the corporal, into the lieutenant's room, which I did not do till the expiration of the ten minutes,—he was lying in his bed with his head raiſed upon his hand, with his elbow upon the pillow, and a clean white cambrick handkerchief beſide it:——(*Impreſs this deſcription home upon the attention.*) The youth was juſt ſtooping down to take up the cuſhion, upon which I ſuppoſed he had been kneeling,—the book was laid upon the bed,—and, as he roſe, in taking up the cuſhion with one hand, he reached out his other to take it away at the ſame time.——Let it remain there, my dear, ſaid the lieutenant.

He did not offer to ſpeak to me, till I had walked up cloſe to his bed-ſide:—(*Although the corporal is now going to relate what Le Fever ſaid, ſtill you muſt give the whole in a feeling, pathetic tone.*) If you are captain Shandy's ſervant, ſaid he, you muſt preſent my thanks to your maſter, with my little boy's thanks along with them, for his courteſy to me;—if he was of Levens's—ſaid the lieutenant.—I told him your honour was.—Then, ſaid he, I ſerved three

three campaigns with him in Flanders, and remember him,—but 'tis moſt likely, as I had not the honour of any acquaintance with him, that he knows nothing of me.——You will tell him, however, that the perſon his good-nature has laid under obligations to him, is one Le Fever, a lieutenant in Angus's——but he knows me not,—ſaid he, a ſecond time, muſing;——poſſibly he may my ſtory—added he—pray tell the captain, I was the enſign at Breda, whoſe wife was moſt unfortunately killed with a muſket-ſhot, as ſhe lay in my arms in my tent.——I remember the ſtory, an't pleaſe your honour, ſaid I, very well.——Do you ſo? ſaid he, wiping his eyes with his handkerchief,—then well may I.—In ſaying this, he drew a little ring out of his boſom, which ſeemed tied with a black ribband about his neck, and kiſs'd it twice——Here, Billy, ſaid he,——the boy flew acroſs the room to the bed-ſide,—and falling down upon his knee, took the ring in his hand, and kiſſed it too,—then kiſſed his father, and ſat down upon the bed and wept. (*Mingle a good deal of ſimplicity in your pathos, which we recommended in the foregoing.*)

I wiſh, ſaid my uncle Toby, with a deep ſigh,—I wiſh, Trim, I was aſleep.

Your honour, replied the corporal, is too much concerned;—ſhall I pour your honour out a glaſs of ſack to your pipe?——Do, Trim, ſaid my uncle Toby.

I remember, ſaid my uncle Toby, ſighing again, the ſtory of the enſign and his wife, with a circum-

ſtance his modeſty omitted;—and particularly well that he, as well as ſhe, upon ſome account or other (I forget what) was univerſally pitied by the whole regiment;—but finiſh the ſtory thou art upon:—'Tis finiſhed already, ſaid the corporal,—for I could ſtay no longer,—ſo wiſhed his honour a good night; young Le Fever roſe from off the bed, and ſaw me to the bottom of the ſtairs; and as we went down together, told me, they had come from Ireland, and were on their route to join the regiment in Flanders.——But alas! ſaid the corporal,—the lieutenant's laſt day's march is over.—Then what is to become of his poor boy? cried my uncle Toby. (*Now you come to a lower voice, with a very diſtinct articulation.*)

It was to my uncle Toby's eternal honour,——though I tell it only for the ſake of thoſe, who, when coop'd in betwixt a natural and a poſitive law, know not, for their ſouls, which way in the world to turn themſelves——That notwithſtanding my uncle Toby was warmly engaged at that time in carrying on the ſiege of Dendermond, parallel with the allies, who preſſed theirs on ſo vigorouſly, that they ſcarce allowed him time to get his dinner——that nevertheleſs he gave up Dendermond, though he had already made a lodgment upon the counterſcarp;—and bent his whole thoughts towards the private diſtreſſes at the inn; and except that he ordered the garden-gate to be bolted up, by which he might be ſaid to have turned the ſiege of Dendermond into a blockade,—he left Dendermond

mond to itſelf—to be relieved or not by the French king, as the French king thought good; and only conſidered how he himſelf ſhould relieve the poor lieutenant and his ſon. (*The next ſentence in a low, ſolemn voice; with a reſpectful look above.*)

——That kind BEING, who is a friend to the friendleſs, ſhall recompenſe thee for this. (*Now the dialogue is re-aſſumed, ſo that you muſt re-aſſume your former voice and manner.*)

Thou haſt left this matter ſhort, ſaid my uncle Toby to the corporal, as he was putting him to bed——and I will tell thee in what, Trim.——In the firſt place, when thou madeſt an offer of my ſervices to Le Fever,——as ſickneſs and travelling are both expenſive, and thou knoweſt he was but a poor lieutenant, with a ſon to ſubſiſt as well as himſelf out of his pay,—that thou didſt not make an offer to him of my purſe; becauſe, had he ſtood in need, thou knoweſt, Trim, he had been as welcome to it as myſelf.——Your honour knows, ſaid the corporal, I had no orders;—— True, quoth my uncle Toby,—thou didſt very right, Trim, as a ſoldier,—but certainly very wrong as a man. (*Speak the latter part of the preceding ſentence with force and deliberation.*)

In the ſecond place, for which, indeed, thou haſt the ſame excuſe, continued my uncle Toby,—— when thou offeredſt him whatever was in my houſe, ——thou ſhould'ſt have offered him my houſe too: ——a ſick brother officer ſhould have the beſt quarters, Trim, and if we had him with us,—we could

could tend and look to him:——Thou art an excellent nurſe thyſelf, Trim,—and what with thy care of him, and the old woman's, and his boy's, and mine together, we might recruit him again at once, and ſet him upon his legs.———

——In a fortnight or three weeks, added my uncle Toby, ſmiling,——he might march.——He will never march, an' pleaſe your honour, in this world, ſaid the corporal:——He will march, ſaid my uncle Toby, riſing up from the ſide of the bed, with one ſhoe off:——An' pleaſe your honour, ſaid the corporal, he will never march but to his grave:——He ſhall march, cried my uncle Toby, marching the foot which had a ſhoe on, tho' without advancing an inch,—he ſhall march to his regiment.——He cannot ſtand it, ſaid the corporal.——He ſhall be ſupported, ſaid my uncle Toby.——He'll drop at laſt, ſaid the corporal, and what will become of his boy?——He ſhall not drop, ſaid my uncle Toby, firmly.———A-well-o'day—do what you can for him, ſaid Trim, maintaining his point—the poor ſoul will die.——He ſhall not die, by G—, cried my uncle Toby.

(*There muſt be a degree of reſpectful ſubmiſſion thrown into the contradictions of the corporal, and the anſwers of my uncle Toby muſt be delivered in a poſitive, determined manner, which muſt increaſe in warmth as you advance in the ſentence, until you vociferouſly pronounce the oath at the cloſe.*

Look up at the beginning of the following beautiful period, and deliver it in a lower key, which will form a fine

a fine contraſt to the high tone you juſt before made uſe of. The moſt emphatic manner is neceſſary.)

—The ACCUSING SPIRIT, which flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, bluſh'd as he gave it in;—and the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropp'd a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever. (*You may here make a conſiderable pauſe ere you proceed.*)

——My uncle Toby went to his bureau,—put his purſe into his breeches pocket, and having ordered the corporal to go early in the morning for a phyſician,—he went to bed, and fell aſleep. (*At the commencement of the next ſentence you muſt ſummon up into your look, an expreſſion of the utmoſt ſorrow, and your voice muſt poſſeſs a tone moſt feelingly pathetic.*)

The ſun looked bright the morning after to every eye in the village but Le Fever's and his afflicted ſon's; the hand of death preſſed heavy upon his eye-lids,——and hardly could the wheel at the ciſtern turn round its circle,—when my uncle Toby, who had roſe up an hour before his wonted time, entered the lieutenant's room, and without preface or apology, ſat himſelf down upon the chair by the bed-ſide, and, independently of all modes and cuſtoms, opened the curtain in the manner an old friend and brother officer would have done it, and aſked him how he did,—how he had reſted in the night,—what was his complaint,—where was his pain,—and what he could do to help him:——and without giving him time to anſwer

ſwer any one of the inquiries, went on, and told him of the little plan which he had been concerting with the corporal the night before for him.——(*Now re-aſſume the ſame tone and manner you formerly made uſe of in reading what my uncle Toby ſaid.*)

——You ſhall go home directly, Le Fever, ſaid my uncle Toby, to my houſe,—and we'll ſend for a doctor to ſee what's the matter,—and we'll have an apothecary,—and the corporal ſhall be your nurſe;——and I'll be your ſervant, Le Fever.

There was a frankneſs in my uncle Toby,—not the effect of familiarity,—but the cauſe of it,—which let you at once into his ſoul, and ſhewed you the goodneſs of his nature; to this, there was ſomething in his looks, and voice, and manner, ſuperadded, which eternally beckoned to the unfortunate to come and take ſhelter under him; ſo that before my uncle Toby had half finiſhed the kind offers he was making to the father, had the ſon inſenſibly preſſed up cloſe to his knees, and had taken hold of the breaſt of his coat, and was pulling it towards him.——(*Here contract your brow into grief, and let your articulation be ſlow and deliberate, with an affecting and pathetic tone.*) The blood and ſpirits of Le Fever, which were waxing cold and ſlow within him, and were retreating to their laſt citadel, the heart—rallied back,—the film forſook his eyes for a moment,—he looked up wiſhfully in my uncle Toby's face,—then caſt a look upon his boy,——and that ligament, fine as it was,—was never broken.———(*Give the following*

breaks

breaks as much variety of tone as the indiſpenſable pathos of the whole requires.)

Nature inſtantly ebb'd again,—the film returned to its place,——the pulſe fluttered——ſtopp'd——went on——throbb'd——ſtopp'd again——moved——ſtopp'd——ſhall I go on?——No.

This charming compoſition, in which the ſentiments and feelings of the heart are ſo naturally and affectingly depicted, is now concluded. The frequent peruſal of it we think adviſable, in order that the reader may gain a familiarity with, and a perfect knowledge of, the peculiar ſtyle and ſingular conſtruction of this author's writings, and thereby enable himſelf to read with eaſe and facility the other productions of the ſame pen. As one way of accompliſhing this object, we ſhall here introduce, for the ſcholar's practice, the ſimple and delightful ſtory of Maria, in the proper reading of which, great care muſt be taken to diſcriminate, by voice and look, in the moſt neat manner, the various tranſitions or alterations from one ſentiment or deſcription to another.

MARIA.

MARIA.

(FIRST PART.)

(There ought not to be any thing in the ſmalleſt degree reſtrained or affected in your utterance or manner, as you will thereby injure, if not abſolutely deſtroy, the effect of the whole.)

—THEY were the ſweeteſt notes I ever heard; and I inſtantly let down the foreglaſs to hear them more diſtinctly.——*(You muſt not throw into the delivery of the poſtillion any thing of the coarſe vulgarity that would be ſo neceſſary in aſſuming the ſame character in another ſituation. Your expreſſion muſt be feelingly ſimple and artleſs in order to coincide with the meaning and intention of the writer.)*

'Tis Maria; ſaid the poſtillion, obſerving I was liſtening———Poor Maria, continued he, leaning his body on one ſide to let me ſee her, for he was on a line between us, is ſitting upon a bank playing her veſpers upon her pipe, with her little goat beſide her. *(The obſervations that are ſo frequently introduced, as the ſtory proceeds, like ſo many parentheſes, muſt be delivered with ſome degree of ſkill and dexterity, in order to prevent the hearer from conſidering them too often made uſe of. If neatly and properly uttered, accompanied with ſuitable and appropriate action, the repetition of them will be thought highly pleaſing, as they continually bring before the attention the moſt picturesque and natural ſituations.)*

The young fellow uttered this with an accent and a look ſo perfectly in tune to a feeling heart, that I inſtantly made a vow, I would give him a four-and-twenty ſous piece, when I got to Moulines.——

—And who is poor Maria? ſaid I.

The love and pity of all the villages around us, ſaid the poſtillion;—it is but three years ago, that the ſun did not ſhine upon ſo fair, ſo quick-witted and amiable a maid; and better fate did Maria deſerve, than to have her banns forbid, by the intrigues of the curate of the pariſh who publiſhed them.——

He was going on, when Maria, who had made a ſhort pauſe, put the pipe to her mouth and began the air again,—they were the ſame notes;—yet were ten times ſweeter: It is the evening ſervice to the Virgin, ſaid the young man,—but who has taught her to play it, or how ſhe came by her pipe, no one knows; we think that Heaven has aſſiſted her in both; for ever ſince ſhe has been unſettled in her mind, it ſeems her only conſolation;—— ſhe has never once had the pipe out of her hand, but plays that ſervice upon it almoſt night and day. (*Take care, as we adviſed before, to be quite unaffected in the whole of the poſtillion's account.*)

The poſtillion delivered this with ſo much diſcretion and natural eloquence, that I could not help decyphering ſomething in his face above his condition, and ſhould have ſifted out his hiſtory, had

had not poor Maria's taken ſuch full poſſeſſion of me.

We had got up by this time almoſt to the bank where Maria was ſitting: ſhe was in a thin white jacket, with her hair, all but two treſſes, drawn up in a ſilk net, with a few olive leaves twiſted a little fantaſtically on one ſide—ſhe was beautiful, and if ever I felt the full force of an honeſt heart-ach, it was the moment I ſaw her. (*The deſcription of Maria's dreſs ought to be read with a diſtinct, neat articulation, and the latter part of the ſentence, together with a good deal of what follows, muſt have an apparent heartfelt ſincerity of expreſſion.*)

——God help her! poor damſel! above a hundred maſſes, ſaid the poſtillion, have been ſaid in the ſeveral pariſh churches and convents around for her,——but without effect; we have ſtill hopes, as ſhe is ſenſible at ſhort intervals, that the Virgin at laſt will reſtore her to herſelf; but her parents, who know her beſt, are hopeleſs upon that ſcore, and think her ſenſes are loſt for ever.

As the poſtillion ſpoke this, Maria made a cadence ſo melancholy, ſo tender and querulous, that I ſprung out of the chaiſe to help her, and found myſelf ſitting betwixt her and her goat, before I relapſed from my enthuſiaſm.

Maria looked for ſome time at me, and then at her goat,—and then at me—and then at her goat again, and ſo on, alternately.——

—Well, Maria, ſaid I, ſoftly,—what reſemblance do you find?

I do

I do entreat the candid reader to believe me, that it was from the humbleſt conviction of what a beaſt man is,—that I aſked the queſtion; and, that I would not have let fallen an unſeaſonable pleaſantry in the venerable preſence of miſery, to be entitled to all the wit that ever Rabelais ſcattered.

Adieu, Maria!—adieu, poor hapleſs damſel!——ſome time, but not now, I may hear thy ſorrows from thy own lips——but I was deceived; for that moment ſhe took her pipe, and told me ſuch a tale of woe with it, that I roſe up, and with broken and irregular ſteps walked ſoftly to my chaiſe.

MARIA.

(SECOND PART.)

When we had got within half a league of Moulines, at a little opening in the road leading to a thicket, I diſcovered poor Maria ſitting under a poplar——ſhe was ſitting with her elbow in her lap, and her head leaning on one ſide within her hand——a ſmall brook ran at the foot of the tree. (*In deſcriptions you may uſe a good deal of action, ſo as to endeavour to bring the ſcene depicted with greater ſtrength before the mind's eye of the hearer: to accompliſh which, whatever action you make uſe of, great care muſt be taken that it is well applied.*)

I bade the poſtillion go on with the chaiſe to Moulines—and La Fleur to beſpeak my ſupper—and that I would walk after him.

She was dreſs'd in white, and much as my friend deſcribed her, except that her hair hung looſe, which before was twiſted within a ſilk net.—— She had, ſuperadded likewiſe to her jacket, a pale green ribband, which fell acroſs her ſhoulder to the waiſt; at the end of which hung her pipe.—Her goat had been as faithleſs as her lover: and ſhe had got a little dog in lieu of him, which ſhe had kept tied by a ſtring to her girdle: as I looked at her dog, ſhe drew him towards her with the ſtring.—"Thou ſhalt not leave me, Sylvio," ſaid ſhe. I look'd in Maria's eyes, and ſaw ſhe was thinking more of her father [whom ſhe had recently loſt] than of her lover or her little goat; for as ſhe utter'd them, the tears trickled down her cheeks.

I ſat down cloſe by her; and Maria let me wipe them away as they fell, with my handkerchief.—I then ſteep'd it in my own—and then in her's—and then in mine—and then I wip'd her's again——and as I did it, I felt ſuch undeſcribable emotions within me, as I am ſure could not be accounted for from any combinations of matter and motion. (*The preceding breaks, and indeed all thoſe to be found in Sterne, are to be managed with much ſkill and delicacy to produce the proper effect.*)

I am poſitive I have a ſoul; nor can all the books with which materialiſts have peſtered the world ever convince me to the contrary.

When Maria had come a little to herſelf, I aſked her if ſhe remembered a pale thin perſon of a man, who had ſat down betwixt her and her goat about

two years before? She ſaid, ſhe was unſettled much at that time, but remember'd it upon two accounts—that ill as ſhe was, ſhe ſaw the perſon pitied her; and next, that her goat had ſtolen his handkerchief, and ſhe had beat him for the theft—ſhe had waſh'd it, ſhe ſaid, in the brook, and kept it ever ſince in her pocket to reſtore it to him in caſe ſhe ſhould ever ſee him again, which, ſhe added, he had half promiſed her. As ſhe told me this, ſhe took the handkerchief out of her pocket to let me ſee it; ſhe had folded it up neatly in a couple of vine-leaves, tied round with a tendril—on opening it, I ſaw an S. marked in one of the corners.

She had ſince that, ſhe told me, ſtrayed as far as Rome, and walk'd round St. Peter's once—— and return'd back——that ſhe found her way alone acroſs the Apennines—had travell'd over all Lombardy without money—and through the flinty roads of Savoy without ſhoes—how ſhe had borne it and how ſhe had got ſupported, ſhe could not tell—but God tempers the wind, ſaid Maria, to the ſhorn lamb. (*There muſt be a melancholy ſimplicity breathe throughout your expreſſion in reading whatever Maria ſays. The laſt line with ſome degree of reverence and ſolemnity.*)

Shorn indeed! and to the quick, ſaid I; and waſt thou in my own land, where I have a cottage, I would take thee to it and ſhelter thee: thou ſhould'ſt eat of my own bread and drink of my own cup—I would be kind to thy Sylvio—in

all thy weakneſſes and wanderings I would ſeek after thee and bring thee back—when the ſun went down I would ſay my prayers; and when I had done thou ſhould'ſt play thy evening ſong upon thy pipe, nor would the incenſe of my ſacrifice be worſe accepted for entering Heaven along with that of a broken heart. (*There are a great number of ſentences in this author that ſeem to ſpring ſpontaneouſly from the heart, ſo that your delivery of them muſt bear ſtrong marks of genuine and unfeigned ſincerity.*)

Nature melted within me, as I uttered this; and Maria obſerving, as I took out my handkerchief, that it was ſteeped too much already to be of uſe, would needs go waſh it in the ſtream.—And where will you dry it, Maria? ſaid I.—I'll dry it in my boſom, ſaid ſhe—'twill do me good.

And is your heart ſtill ſo warm, Maria? ſaid I.

I touched upon the ſtring on which hung all her ſorrows—ſhe look'd with wiſtful diſorder for ſome time in my face; and then, without ſaying any thing, took her pipe, and play'd her ſervice to the Virgin——The ſtring I had touch'd ceaſed to vibrate——in a moment or two Maria returned to herſelf—let her pipe fall——and roſe up.

And where are you going, Maria? ſaid I.—She ſaid, to Moulines.—Let us go, ſaid I, together.—Maria put her arm within mine, and lengthening the ſtring, to let the dog follow—in that order we enter'd Moulines.

Tho'

Tho' I hate ſalutations and greetings in the market-place, yet when we got into the middle of this, I ſtopp'd to take my laſt look and laſt farewel of Maria.

Maria, though not tall, was nevertheleſs of the firſt order of fine forms——affliction had touch'd her looks with ſomething that was ſcarce earthly—ſtill ſhe was feminine—and ſo much was there about her of all that the heart wiſhes, or the eye looks for in woman, that could the traces be ever worn out of her brain, and thoſe of Eliza out of mine, ſhe ſhould not only eat of my bread and drink of my own cup, but Maria ſhould lie in my boſom, and be unto me as a daughter.

Adieu, poor luckleſs maiden!—Imbibe the oil and wine which the compaſſion of a ſtranger, as he journeyeth on his way, now pours into thy wounds—the Being who has twice bruiſed thee can only bind them up for ever.

We ſhall here conclude this department of our Miſcellany, which we intended for the productions of STERNE, as we think a ſufficiency has been given to anſwer the purpoſe of exerciſing the ſcholar. There are many ſituations unnoticed by us in what we have inſerted of this writer, that will afford ample ſcope for the nice diſcriminating powers of a reader of taſte and judgment. The

great difficulty of laying down upon paper the manner they ſhould be read, made us paſs them by entirely, truſting that from what we have already ſaid in other places, the ſcholar will be materially aſſiſted in diſcovering them, and in ſome degree aided in aſcertaining what mode of delivery will be moſt ſuitable.

We ſhall now preſent the reader with an allegory of uncommon elegance and harmony of compoſition, from the inimitable pen of ADDISON. It is replete with thoſe beauties and ſentences which ſtrike forcibly on the mind if read with propriety, and afford the higheſt gratification to a hearer of taſte.

The VISION *of* MIRZA, *exhibiting a Picture of Human Life.*

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards

towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. (*You may give a look up, as if diſcovering the object mentioned, from the words* 'I caſt my eyes,' *&c. Putting this in practice, whenever the ſenſe will admit of it, gives conſiderable and a pleaſing variety to your reading. Stop a little after the monoſyllable* 'one.') As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard; they put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their firſt arrival in Paradiſe, to wear out the impreſſions of the laſt agonies, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret rapture.

I have been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts, by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſure of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due

to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, Mirza, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies: follow me. (*You muſt change your voice, when the Genius ſpeaks, to a low key with ſome dignity of tone.*)

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. (*A dignity of tone, which we recommend the uſe of in reading what the Genius ſays, will form a fine contraſt to that which is neceſſary in delivering all the other parts.*) I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt, is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called Time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide.

The

The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. (*In order to bring the picture more perfectly before the hearer, you muſt impreſs ſome words ſtronger on his attention than others. Thoſe in the preceding ſentences that come under this neceſſity, are* 'a huge valley,' 'tide of 'water,' 'vale of miſery,' 'tide of eternity,' 'thick 'miſt,' 'time,' 'ſun,' 'bounded with darkneſs,' 'a bridge,' 'ſtanding in the midſt of the tide,' *and* 'human life.') Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted of threeſcore and ten entire arches, with ſeveral broken arches, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made up the number of about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it: and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into

into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire. (*There are many words in the foregoing periods that must be equally enforced on the attention as before advised, in order to finish the picture in the mind of the hearer as far as the writer has completed it;—such as*, 'threescore and ten arches,' 'broken arches,' 'an hundred,' 'a thousand arches,' 'flood swept 'away the rest,' 'multitudes of people passing 'over it,' 'a black cloud hanging,' *and many others, which the reader will no doubt discover the necessity of particularly attending to.*)

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down

down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on trap-doors which did not ſeem to lie in their way, and which they might have eſcaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius ſeeing me indulge myſelf in this melancholy proſpect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: Take thine eyes off the bridge, ſaid he, and tell me if thou ſeeſt any thing thou doſt not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, ſaid I, thoſe great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and ſettling upon it from time to time? I ſee vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, ſeveral little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. Theſe, ſaid the Genius, are envy, avarice, ſuperſtition, deſpair, love, with the like cares and paſſions that inveſt human life. (*Pronounce very diſtinctly the paſſions that are enumerated.*)

I here fetched a deep ſigh: Alas! ſaid I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to miſery and mortality! tortured into life, and ſwallowed up in death! (*This reflection with a ruminating look, and a tone low and emphatic.*) The Genius being moved with compaſſion towards me, bid me quit ſo uncomfortable a proſpect. Look no more, ſaid he, on man in the firſt ſtage of his exiſtence, in his ſetting out for eternity; but

but caſt thine eye on that thick miſt into which the tide bears the ſeveral generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my ſight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good Genius ſtrengthened it with any ſupernatural force, or diſſipated part of the miſt that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I ſaw the valley opening at the farther end, and ſpreading forth into an immenſe ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midſt of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. (*Here the picture changes, and the expreſſions which more ſtrongly delineate it muſt, when firſt uſed, be particularly marked, in the manner we have before recommended. The enchanting deſcription that follows muſt be given with a glow and a peculiar harmony of expreſſion, to do juſtice to the inimitable author.*) The clouds ſtill reſted on one half of it, inſomuch that I could diſcover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vaſt ocean planted with innumerable iſlands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thouſand little ſhining ſeas that ran among them. I could ſee perſons dreſſed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, paſſing among the trees, lying down by the ſides of fountains, or reſting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confuſed harmony of ſinging birds, falling waters, human voices, and muſical inſtruments. Gladneſs grew in me upon the diſcovery of ſo delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might

fly

fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the Genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except through the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lie ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſand on the ſea-ſhore; (*Preſerve, without any abatement, the dignity of utterance we adviſed before whenever the Genius ſpeaks.*) there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. (*The moral purport of the whole appears to be developed in the following interrogations, and the very next ſentence after them; ſo that they muſt be delivered with ſuch deliberation, as to arreſt the particular notice of the hearer.*) Are not theſe, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives the opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? (*Mark the word* 'ſuch.') Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not

not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him.—I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. (*Here you make a pauſe, as if waiting for an anſwer.*) The Genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw (*Here you make a trifling pauſe, and, falling your voice, proceed.*) nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, ſheep, and camels grazing upon the ſides of it. (*Shew by your method of reading, as you approach the concluſion, that the Eſſay is nearly finiſhed: at the ſame time there muſt be no careleſneſs or indifference in your tone, look, or manner, but what the ſenſe or ſentiment authoriſes; and every word, we may ſay ſyllable, ought to be diſtinctly heard to the cloſe of the whole.*)

The STRENGTH *of* PARENTAL AFFECTION.

From the SPECTATOR.

(*The preceding part of the Eſſay we ſhall omit, and begin with that where the ſtory itſelf commences. Let your articulation be ſmooth, clear, and equable.*)

THE memoirs of a certain French nobleman, which now lie before me, furniſh me with a very entertaining inſtance of this ſecret attraction (*alluding to the power of parental affection*) implanted by Providence in the human ſoul. It will be neceſſary to inform the reader, that the perſon whoſe ſtory I am going to relate, was one, whoſe roving and romantic temper, joined to a diſpoſition ſingularly amorous, had led him through a vaſt variety of gallantries and amours. He had, in his youth, attended a princeſs of France into Poland, where he had been entertained by the king her huſband, and married the daughter of a grandee. Upon her death he returned into his native country; where his intrigues and other miſfortunes having conſumed his paternal eſtate, he now went to take care of the fortune his deceaſed wife had left him in Poland. In his journey he was robbed before he reached Warſaw, and lay ill of a fever, when he met with the following adventure, which I ſhall relate in his own words.

" I had

" I had been in this condition for four days, " when the Counteſs of Venoſki paſſed that way." (*In reading you ſhould pronounce all proper names without the ſmalleſt heſitation, and in ſuch a manner as to be diſtinctly heard by your hearer.*) " She was " informed that a ſtranger of good faſhion lay ſick, " and her charity led her to ſee me. I remem- " bered her, for I had often ſeen her with my " wife, to whom ſhe was nearly related; but " when I found ſhe knew me not, I thought fit to " conceal my name. I told her I was a German; " that I had been robbed; and that if ſhe had the " charity to ſend me to Warſaw, the queen would " acknowledge it, I having the honour of being " known to her majeſty. The Counteſs had " the goodneſs to take compaſſion of me, and " ordering me to be put in a litter, carried me " to Warſaw, where I was lodged in her houſe " until my health ſhould allow me to wait on the " queen.

" My fever increaſed after my journey was " over, and I was confined to my bed for fifteen " days. When the Counteſs firſt ſaw me, ſhe " had a young lady with her, about eighteen " years of age, who was much taller and better " ſhaped than the Poliſh women generally are." (*When you come to any freſh circumſtance or incident in the ſtory, you muſt take care that it does not eſcape the attention of the hearer; and if he be in the leaſt inattentive at the time, you would do well to read it twice over, as you thereby prevent him from*

from loſing any one of thoſe parts the knowledge of which in the aggregate is eſſentially neceſſary before he can gain full poſſeſſion of the force and beauty of the production itſelf. For inſtance, in the laſt ſentence there is a new perſonage introduced, 'the 'young lady,' *the mention of which muſt be done in the way recommended above.*) "She was fair, "her ſkin exceedingly fine, and her air and "ſhape inexpreſſibly beautiful. I was not ſo "ſick as to overlook this young beauty; and I "felt in my heart ſuch emotions at the firſt "view, as made me fear that all my misfortunes "had not armed me ſufficiently againſt the charms "of the fair ſex.

"The amiable creature ſeemed afflicted at my "ſickneſs; and ſhe appeared to have ſo much "concern and care for me, as raiſed in me a great "inclination and tenderneſs for her. She came "every day into my chamber to inquire after my "health; I aſked who ſhe was, and I was anſwer-"ed, that ſhe was niece to the Counteſs of Ve-"noſki.

"I verily believe that the conſtant ſight of this "charming maid, and the pleaſure I received from "her careful attendance, contributed more to my "recovery than all the medicines the phyſicians "gave me. In ſhort, my fever left me, and I had "the ſatisfaction to ſee the lovely creature over-"joyed at my recovery. She came to ſee me "oftener as I grew better; and I already felt a "ſtronger and more tender affection for her than

" I ever bore to any woman in my life: when I " began to perceive that her conſtant care of me " was only a blind to give her an opportunity of " ſeeing a young Pole whom I took to be her " lover." (*Here is another new character introduced, ſo that you muſt mark the relation of it, as before adviſed.*) " He ſeemed to be much about her " age, of a brown complexion, very tall, but finely " ſhaped. Every time ſhe came to ſee me, the " young gentleman came to find her out, and they " uſually retired to a corner of the chamber, where " they ſeemed to converſe with great earneſtneſs. " The aſpect of the youth pleaſed me wonderfully; " and if I had not ſuſpected that he was my rival, " I ſhould have taken delight in his perſon and " friendſhip.

" They both of them often aſked me if I were in " reality a German; which when I continued to " affirm, they ſeemed very much troubled." (*You may here make a pauſe longer than the period requires; and let your looks expreſs that ſomething of importance is going to be developed.*)

" One day I took notice that the young lady " and gentleman having retired to a window, " were very intent upon a picture, and that every " now and then they caſt their eyes upon me, as " if they had found ſome reſemblance betwixt that " and my features. I could not forbear to aſk the " meaning of it; upon which the lady anſwered, " that if I had been a Frenchman, ſhe ſhould have " imagined that I was the perſon for whom the

" picture

" picture was drawn, becauſe it exactly reſembled
" me. I deſired to ſee it. But how great was my
" ſurpriſe, when I found it to be the very painting
" which I had ſent to the queen five years before,
" and which ſhe commanded me to get drawn to
" be given to my children!" (*Let this part dwell upon the attention, and let your countenance depict great doubt and perplexity.*) " After I had viewed
" the piece, I caſt my eyes upon the young lady,
" and then upon the gentleman I had thought to
" be her lover. My heart beat, and I felt a ſecret
" emotion which filled me with wonder. I thought
" I traced in the two young perſons ſome of my
" own features, and at that moment I ſaid to my-
" ſelf, Are not theſe my children? The tears came
" into my eyes, and I was about to run and em-
" brace them; but conſtraining myſelf with pain,
" I aſked whoſe picture it was? The maid, perceiv-
" ing I could not ſpeak without tears, fell a weeping.
" Her tears abſolutely confirmed me in my opi-
" nion: and falling upon her neck, 'Ah, my dear
" child,' ſaid I, 'yes, I am your father!' I could ſay
" no more. The youth ſeized my hands at the
" ſame time, and kiſſing, bathed them with his
" tears. Throughout my life, I never felt a joy
" equal to this; and it muſt be owned, that na-
" ture inſpires more lively motions and pleaſing
" tenderneſs than the paſſions can poſſibly excite."

THE beauty and harmony of ſtyle in which this author uniformly expreſſes himſelf, and the richneſs and variety of his imagery, particularly in his allegories, induce us to admit a few more of his compoſitions, eſpecially when we find them ſo well adapted to anſwer the principal purpoſe of this Work, that of producing ſituations favourable to the exertions of a reader.

THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

From the TATLER.

WHEN Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to conſider what courſe of life he ought to purſue, he one day retired into a deſart, where the ſilence and ſolitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was muſing on his preſent condition, and very much perplexed in himſelf on the ſtate of life he ſhould chooſe, he ſaw two women, (*Here make a ſhort pauſe, to mark the circumſtance ſtronger.*) of a larger ſtature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and eaſy, her perſon clean and unſpotted, her eyes caſt towards the ground with an agreeable reſerve, her motion and behaviour full of modeſty, and her raiment as white as ſnow. (*Let there be a great flow and harmony of expreſſion in your manner of reading the foregoing ſentence,*

tence, on the firſt word of which, ‘ One,’ *you muſt lay more than common ſtreſs ; as alſo on the ſecond word,* ‘ other,’ *at the commencement of the next period, with a trifling pauſe after it.*) The other had a great deal of health and floridneſs in her countenance, which ſhe had helped with an artificial white and red ; and endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her geſtures. She had a wonderful confidence and aſſurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dreſs, that ſhe thought were the moſt proper to ſhow her complexion to advantage. She caſt her eyes upon herſelf, then turned them upon thoſe that were preſent, to ſee how they liked her, and often looked on the figure ſhe made in her own ſhadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, ſhe ſtepped before the other lady, (who came forward with a regular compoſed carriage,) and, running up to him, accoſted him after the following manner. (*Read what Pleaſure ſays with ſome degree of boldneſs and aſſurance.*)

“ My dear Hercules,” ſays ſhe, “ I find you are “ very much divided in your own thoughts upon “ the way of life that you ought to chooſe : be my “ friend, and follow me ; I’ll lead you into the “ poſſeſſion of pleaſure, and out of the reach of “ pain, and remove you from all the noiſe and “ diſquietude of buſineſs. The affairs of either “ war or peace ſhall have no power to diſturb “ you. Your whole employment ſhall be to make “ your life eaſy, and to entertain every ſenſe with

" its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds " of roſes, clouds of perfumes, concerts of muſic, " crowds of beauties, are all in readineſs to receive " you. Come along with me into this region of " delights, this world of pleaſures, and bid fare- " well for ever to care, to pain, to buſineſs."

Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, deſired to know her name; to which ſhe anſwered, " My friends, and thoſe who are well acquainted " with me, call me Happineſs; but my enemies, " and thoſe who would injure my reputation, have " given me the name of Pleaſure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addreſſed herſelf to the young hero in a very different manner. (*Now the Goddeſs of Virtue ſpeaks, and your method of reading what ſhe ſays muſt be placid and engaging, blended with that confidence which is ever the concomitant of virtue.*)

" Hercules," ſays ſhe, " I offer myſelf to you, " becauſe I know you are deſcended from the " gods, and give proofs of that deſcent by your " love to virtue, and application to the ſtudies " proper for your age. This makes me hope you " will gain both for yourſelf and me an immortal " reputation. But before I invite you into my ſo- " ciety and friendſhip, I will be open and ſincere " with you, and muſt lay down this as an eſtab- " liſhed truth," (*Read the following with due care and deliberation.*) " that there is nothing truly va- " luable which can be purchaſed without pains and " labour. The gods have ſet a price upon every

" real

" real and noble pleaſure. If you would gain the
" favour of the Deity, you muſt be at the pains of
" worſhipping him; if the friendſhip of good men,
" you muſt ſtudy to oblige them; if you would be
" honoured by your country, you muſt take care to
" ſerve it: in ſhort, if you would be eminent in
" war or peace, you muſt become maſter of all
" the qualifications that can make you ſo. Theſe
" are the only terms and conditions upon which I
" can propoſe happineſs." (*You muſt now re-aſſume the ſame tone and manner you made uſe of in reading what the Goddeſs of Pleaſure ſaid before.*) The Goddeſs of Pleaſure here broke in upon her diſcourſe: " You ſee," ſaid ſhe, " Hercules, by her own con-
" feſſion, the way to her pleaſure is long and diffi-
" cult, whereas that which I propoſe is ſhort and
" eaſy." (*Now you change, of courſe, your tone into that you gave to Virtue. There muſt, however, be ſomething of ſcorn and pity expreſſed in your looks, as will be ſeen below.*) " Alas!" (ſaid the other lady, whoſe viſage glowed with a paſſion made up of ſcorn and pity,) " what are the pleaſures you propoſe?
" To eat before you are hungry, drink before you
" are athirſt, ſleep before you are tired, to gratify
" appetites before they are raiſed, and raiſe ſuch
" appetites as nature never planted. You never
" heard the moſt delicious muſic, which is the
" praiſe of one's ſelf; nor ſaw the moſt beautiful
" object, which is the work of one's own hands.
" Your votaries paſs away their youth in a dream

" of miſtaken pleaſures, while they are hoarding
" up anguiſh, torment, and remorſe for old age.

" As for me, I am the friend of gods and of
" good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan,
" an houſehold guardian to the fathers of families, a
" patron and protector of ſervants, an aſſociate in
" all true and generous friendſhips. The banquets
" of my votaries are never coſtly, but always deli-
" cious; for none eat or drink at them who are
" not invited by hunger and thirſt. Their ſlum-
" bers are ſound, and their wakings chearful.
" My young men have the pleaſure of hearing
" themſelves praiſed by thoſe who are in years;
" and thoſe who are in years, of being honoured
" by thoſe who are young. In a word, my
" followers are favoured by the gods, beloved
" by their acquaintance, eſteemed by their coun-
" try, and (after the cloſe of their labours)
" honoured by poſterity." (*The foregoing muſt be read in rather a high key, ſuch a one as if a perſon were really ſpeaking. You now lower your voice to ſhow the perſon has finiſhed, and you fall into a tone of narration; and the little that concludes the Eſſay ought to be delivered with ſome deliberation, and in ſuch a manner as to convince the hearer the whole is concluding.*)

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of theſe two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this will do him the juſtice to approve his choice.

If you find, from your method of reading the foregoing Eſſay, that you pitched your voice at firſt on too low a key for you to proceed with eaſe and ſatisfaction to yourſelf, you ought to endeavour to remedy this, by beginning the following in a higher tone. Without you take care to begin your reading in ſuch a key as the natural compaſs of your voice will enable you to go through with eaſe the neceſſary changes in the production before you, every thing will appear laboured and heavy to the hearer, and your exertions will be exceedingly painful and diſtreſſing to yourſelf.

THE VISION OF JUSTICE.

From the TATLER.

I WAS laſt week taking a ſolitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's Inn, (a favour that is indulged me by ſeveral of the Benchers who are my intimate friends, and grown old with me in this neighbourhood,) when, according to the nature of men in years, who have made but little progreſs in the advancement of their fortune or their fame, I was repining at the ſudden riſe of many perſons who are my juniors, and indeed at the unequal diſtribution of wealth, honour, and all other bleſſings of life. I was loſt in this thought when the night came upon me, and drew my mind into a far more agreeable contem-

contemplation. (*Now look up, and let your expreſſion have ſomewhat of dignity.*) The heaven above me appeared in all its glories, and preſented me with ſuch an hemiſphere of ſtars, as made the moſt agreeable proſpect imaginable to one who delights in the ſtudy of nature. It happened to be a freezing night, which had purified the whole body of air into ſuch a bright tranſparent ether, as made every conſtellation viſible; and at the ſame time gave ſuch a particular glowing to the ſtars, that I thought it the richeſt ſky I had ever ſeen. (*As your author glows in deſcription, you muſt keep pace with him, and glow in your delivery, or elſe the effect intended by him is at once deſtroyed.*) I could not behold a ſcene ſo wonderfully adorned and lighted up (if I may be allowed that expreſſion) without ſuitable meditations on the Author of ſuch illuſtrious and amazing objects; for on theſe occaſions philoſophy ſuggeſts motives to religion, and religion adds pleaſures to philoſophy.

As ſoon as I had recovered my uſual temper and ſerenity of ſoul, I retired to my lodgings, with the ſatisfaction of having paſſed away a few hours in the proper employments of a reaſonable creature, and promiſing myſelf that my ſlumbers would be ſweet. I no ſooner fell into them, but I dreamed a dream, or ſaw a viſion, (for I know not what to call it,) that ſeemed to riſe out of my evening meditation, and had ſomething in it ſo ſolemn and ſerious, that I cannot forbear communicating it; though I muſt confeſs the wildneſs of imagination,

which

which in a dream is always looſe and irregular, diſcovers itſelf too much in ſeveral parts of it. (*By your look and manner endeavour to hold faſt the attention of the hearer in the expectation of what is going to be developed.*)

Methought I ſaw the azure ſky diverſified with the ſame glorious luminaries which had entertained me a little before I fell aſleep. I was looking very attentively on that ſign in the heavens which is called by the name of the Balance, when on a ſudden there appeared in it (*Here make a ſhort pauſe, and let your looks in the mean time be very ſignificant.*) an extraordinary light, as if the ſun ſhould riſe at midnight. By its increaſing in breadth and luſtre, I ſoon found that it approached towards the earth; and at length could diſcern ſomething like a ſhadow hovering in the midſt of a great glory, which in a little time after I diſtinctly perceived to be the figure of a woman. (*Some periods admit of a longer pauſe than others, when you wiſh to let the ſubject paſs ſlowly before the attention. The laſt comes under this deſcription.*) I fancied at firſt it might have been the angel of Intelligence that guided the conſtellation from which it deſcended; but upon a nearer view, I ſaw about her all the emblems with which the Goddeſs of Juſtice is uſually deſcribed. Her countenance was unſpeakably awful and majeſtic, but exquiſitely beautiful to thoſe whoſe eyes were ſtrong enough to behold it; her ſmiles tranſported with rapture, her frowns terrified to deſpair. She held in her hand a mirror, en-

dowed with the ſame qualities as that which the painters put into the hand of Truth.

There ſtreamed from it a light, which diſtinguiſhed itſelf from all the ſplendors that ſurrounded her, more than a flaſh of lightning ſhines in the midſt of day-light. As ſhe moved it in her hand, it brightened the heavens, the air, or the earth. When ſhe had deſcended ſo low as to be ſeen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance more ſupportable, ſhe threw darkneſs and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thouſand beautiful ſhades and colours, and multiplied that luſtre, which was before too ſtrong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories. In the mean time the world was in alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a ſpacious plain; ſo that I ſeemed to have all the ſpecies before my eyes. (*Look up as you begin the next ſentence, and give it a ſtrong full tone.*) A voice was heard from the clouds, declaring the intention of this viſit, which was to reſtore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and ſorrow, which appeared in that great aſſembly after this ſolemn declaration, are not to be expreſſed. The firſt edict was then pronounced, (*Read the edict ſomething ſlower, and with a very diſtinct articulation.*) "That all titles and claims to "riches and eſtates, or to any part of them, ſhould "be immediately veſted in the rightful owner." Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the inſtruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper,

paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the Goddeſs moved the mirror of Truth which ſhe held in her hand, ſo that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the ſeveral inſtruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of ſetting fire to all forgery and falſehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of ſeals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd ſcene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then ſtopped; though I could not but obſerve, that the flame chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils. The light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and receſſes of the univerſe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or deſign. This occaſioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the ſame time, the ſpoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together into a prodigious pile, that almoſt reached to the clouds, and was called the Mount of Reſtitution; to which all injured perſons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might ſee crouds of people in tattered garments come up, and change clothes with others that were dreſſed with lace and embroidery. Several who were Plums, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and poſſeſſions, had no more

more left than what they uſually ſpent. What moved my concern moſt, was to ſee a certain ſtreet of the greateſt credit in Europe, from one end to the other become bankrupts. (*If you find the attention of your hearer ſlacken, you may be aſſured that you do not do juſtice to the paper before us. The author has completely done his duty, in order to engage the mind; ſo that if any part fail of that effect, the fault muſt be in your mode of delivery.*)

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to ſeparate themſelves into their proper families; which was no ſooner done, but an edict was iſſued out, requiring (*Read this as we recommended the other edict to be read.*) "All children "to repair to their true and natural fathers." This put a great part of the aſſembly in motion; for as the mirror was moved over them, it inſpired every one with ſuch a natural inſtinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy ſpectacle to ſee the fathers of very large families become childleſs, and bachelors undone by a change of ſons and daughters. You might ſee a preſumptive heir of a great eſtate aſk a bleſſing of his coachman, and a celebrated toaſt paying her duty to a valet de chambre. Many under vows of celibacy appeared ſurrounded with a numerous iſſue. This change of parentage would have cauſed great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally thoſe who loſt their children, had the ſatisfaction of ſeeing them put into the hands of their deareſt friends. Men were

no

no ſooner ſettled in their right to their poſſeſſions and their progeny, but there was a third order proclaimed, (*Read it in the ſame manner you read the two others.*) "That all the poſts of dignity and "honour in the univerſe ſhould be conferred on "perſons of the greateſt merit, abilities, and perfec-"tion." (*It would be well to pauſe ſome conſiderable time after finiſhing each edict, as the various objects that follow would be thereby introduced with better effect.*) The handſome, the ſtrong, and the wealthy, immediately preſſed forward; but not being able to bear the ſplendor of the mirror, which played upon their faces, they immediately fell back among the croud: but as the Goddeſs tried the multitude by her glaſs, as the eagle does its young ones by the luſtre of the ſun, it was remarkable, that every one turned away his face from it who had not diſtinguiſhed himſelf either by virtue, knowledge, or capacity in buſineſs, either military or civil. This ſelect aſſembly was drawn up in the centre of a prodigious multitude, which was diffuſed on all ſides, and ſtood obſerving them, as idle people uſe to gather about a regiment that are exerciſing their arms. They were drawn up in three bodies; in the firſt were men of virtue; in the ſecond, men of knowledge; and in the third, the men of buſineſs. It was impoſſible to look at the firſt column without a ſecret veneration, their aſpects were ſo ſweetened with humanity, raiſed with contemplation, emboldened with reſolution, and adorned with the moſt agreeable airs, which

are

are thoſe that proceed from ſecret habits of virtue. I could not but take notice, that there were many faces among them which were unknown, not only to the multitude, but even to ſeveral of their own body. (*You muſt vary in your expreſſion in deſcribing the three columns: that of virtue, as above, with a look of complacency, and a delivery to accord with it.*)

In the ſecond column, conſiſting of the men of knowledge, there had been great diſputes before they fell into the ranks, which they did not do at laſt, without the poſitive command of the Goddeſs who preſided over the aſſembly. She had ſo ordered it, that men of the greateſt genius and ſtrongeſt ſenſe were placed at the head of the column: behind theſe, were ſuch as had formed their minds very much on the thoughts and writings of others. In the rear of the column, were men who had more wit than ſenſe, or more learning than underſtanding. All living authors of any value were ranged in one of theſe claſſes; but I muſt confeſs, I was very much ſurpriſed to ſee a great body of editors, critics, commentators, and grammarians, meet with ſo very ill a reception. They had formed themſelves into a body, and with a great deal of arrogance demanded the firſt ſtation in the column of knowledge; but the Goddeſs, inſtead of complying with their requeſt, clapped them all into liveries, and bid them know themſelves for no other but lacquies of the learned. (*There is a certain point in the concluſion of ſome ſentences, that requires, to*

give

give them their proper effect, a pointed, and ſomething of an energetic mode of expreſſion. The preceding period is of this deſcription.)

The third column were men of buſineſs, and conſiſting of perſons in military and civil capacities. The former marched out from the reſt, and placed themſelves in the front; at which the others ſhook their heads at them, but did not think fit to diſpute the poſt with them. I could not but make ſeveral obſervations upon this laſt column of people; but I have certain private reaſons why I do not think fit to communicate them to the public. In order to fill up all the poſts of honour, dignity, and profit, there was a draught made out of each column of men who were maſters of all three qualifications in ſome degree, and were preferred to ſtations of the firſt rank. The ſecond draught was made out of ſuch as were poſſeſſed of any two of the qualifications, who were diſpoſed of in ſtations of a ſecond dignity. Thoſe who were left, and were endowed only with one of them, had their ſuitable poſts. When this was over, there remained many places of truſt and profit unfilled, for which there were freſh draughts made out of the ſurrounding multitude, who had any appearance of theſe excellencies, or were recommended by thoſe who poſſeſſed them in reality.

All were ſurpriſed to ſee ſo many new faces in the moſt eminent dignities; and for my own part, I was very well pleaſed to ſee that all my friends

either kept their preſent poſts, or were advanced to higher.

(*This Viſion is continued in another Paper, and proceeds as follows.*)

THE male world were diſmiſſed by the Goddeſs of Juſtice, and diſappeared, when on a ſudden (*Here pauſe to keep up the curioſity of the hearer.*) the whole plain was covered with women. So charming a multitude filled my heart with unſpeakable pleaſure; and as the celeſtial light of the mirror ſhone upon their faces, ſeveral of them ſeemed rather perſons that deſcended in the train of the Goddeſs, than ſuch who were brought before her to their trial. The clack of tongues, and confuſion of voices, in this new aſſembly was ſo very great, that the Goddeſs was forced to command ſilence ſeveral times, and with ſome ſeverity, before ſhe could make them attentive to her edicts. They were all ſenſible that the moſt important affair among womankind was then to be ſettled, which every one knows to be the point of place. This had raiſed innumerable diſputes among them, and put the whole ſex into a tumult. Every one produced her claim, and pleaded her pretenſions. Birth, beauty, wit, or wealth, were words that rung in my ears from all parts of the plain. Some boaſted of the merit of their huſbands; others of their own power in governing them. Some pleaded their

their unſpotted virginity; others their numerous iſſue. Some valued themſelves as they were the mothers, and others as they were the daughters of conſiderable perſons. There was not a ſingle accompliſhment unmentioned, or unpractiſed. The whole congregation was full of ſinging, dancing, toſſing, ogling, ſqueaking, ſmiling, ſighing, fanning, frowning, and all thoſe irreſiſtible arts which women put in practice to captivate the hearts of reaſonable creatures. (*In enumerating the ſeveral ways in which the congregation was engaged, you ought to blend as much variety of tone as the ſenſe will admit of.*) The Goddeſs, to end this diſpute, cauſed it to be proclaimed, (*Now re-aſſume the ſame tone and deliberation we adviſed before in reading the edicts.*) "That every one ſhould take place "according as ſhe was more or leſs beautiful." This declaration gave great ſatisfaction to the whole aſſembly, which immediately bridled up, and appeared in all its beauties. Such as believed themſelves graceful in their motions, found an occaſion of falling back, advancing forward, or making a falſe ſtep, that they might ſhow their perſons in the moſt becoming air. Such as had fine necks and boſoms were wonderfully curious to look over the heads of the multitude, and obſerve the moſt diſtant part of the aſſembly. Several clapped their hands on their foreheads, as helping their ſight to look upon the glories that ſurrounded the Goddeſs, but in reality to ſhow fine hands and arms. The ladies were better pleaſed when they heard, that in

the deciſion of this great controverſy, each of them ſhould be her own judge, and take her place according to her own opinion of herſelf, when ſhe conſulted her looking-glaſs.

The Goddeſs then let down the mirror of Truth in a golden chain, which appeared larger in proportion as it deſcended and approached nearer to the eyes of the beholders. It was the particular property of this looking-glaſs to baniſh all falſe appearances, and ſhow people what they are. The whole woman was repreſented, without regard to the uſual external features, which were made entirely conformable to their real characters. In ſhort, the moſt accompliſhed (taking in the whole circle of female perfections) were the moſt beautiful, and the moſt defective the moſt deformed. The Goddeſs ſo varied the motion of the glaſs, and placed it in ſo many different lights, that each had an opportunity of ſeeing herſelf in it. (*The particular properties of this glaſs, thus deſcribed, muſt be clearly and diſtinctly read, in order that the hearer may enter more readily into the ſpirit of what follows.*)

It is impoſſible to deſcribe the rage, the pleaſure, or aſtoniſhment, that appeared in each face upon its repreſentation in the mirror: multitudes ſtarted at their own form, and would have broke the glaſs if they could have reached it. Many ſaw their blooming features wither as they looked upon them, and their ſelf-admiration turned into a loathing and abhorrence. The lady who was thought

ſo

ſo agreeable in her anger, and was ſo often celebrated for a woman of fire and ſpirit, was frighted at her own image, and fancied ſhe ſaw a fury in the glaſs. The intereſted miſtreſs beheld a Harpy, and the ſubtle jilt a Sphinx. I was very much troubled in my own heart, to ſee ſuch a deſtruction of fine faces; but at the ſame time had the pleaſure of ſeeing ſeveral improved, which I had before looked upon as the greateſt maſter-pieces of nature. I obſerved that ſome few were ſo humble as to be ſurpriſed at their own charms; and that many a one, who had lived in the retirement and ſeverity of a veſtal, ſhined forth in all the graces and attractions of a ſyren. I was raviſhed at the ſight of a particular image in the mirror, which I think the moſt beautiful object that my eyes ever beheld. (*Give a peculiar glow to your expreſſion in reading the deſcription of this character.*) There was ſomething more than human in her countenance. Her eyes were ſo full of light, that they ſeemed to beautify every thing they looked upon. Her face was enlivened with ſuch a florid bloom, as did not ſo properly ſeem the mark of health, as of immortality. Her ſhape, her ſtature, and her mien were ſuch as diſtinguiſhed her even there where the whole fair-ſex was aſſembled.

I was impatient to ſee the lady repreſented by ſo divine an image, whom I found to be the perſon that ſtood at my right-hand, and in the ſame point of view with myſelf. (*Where any thing is introduced that is not expected by the hearer, you ought to take*

ſpecial care not to give him the leaſt hint of what is coming by your method of reading, until the circumſtance is developed by the writer. Curioſity being ſatisfied in this manner, the intended and proper effect is produced.) This was a little old woman, who in her prime had been about five feet high, though at preſent ſhrunk to about three quarters of that meaſure. Her natural aſpect was puckered up with wrinkles, and her head covered with grey hairs. I had obſerved all along an innocent cheerfulneſs in her face, which was now heightened into rapture as ſhe beheld herſelf in the glaſs. It was an odd circumſtance in my dream (but I cannot forbear relating it) I conceived ſo great an inclination towards her, that I had thoughts of diſcourſing her upon the point of marriage, when on a ſudden ſhe was carried from me; for the word was now given, that all who were pleaſed with their own images, ſhould ſeparate, and place themſelves at the head of their ſex.

This detachment was afterwards divided into three bodies, conſiſting of maids, wives, and widows; the wives being placed in the middle, with the maids on the right, and the widows on the left; though it was with difficulty that theſe two laſt bodies were hindered from falling into the centre. This ſeparation of thoſe who liked their real ſelves, not having leſſened the number of the main body ſo conſiderably as it might have been wiſhed, the Goddeſs, after having drawn up her mirror, thought fit to make new diſtinctions among

among thoſe who did not like the figure which they ſaw in it. She made ſeveral wholeſome edicts, which are ſlipt out of my mind; but there were two which dwelt upon me, as being very extraordinary in their kind, and executed with great ſeverity. Their deſign was to make an example of two extremes in the female world; of thoſe who were very ſevere on the conduct of others, and of thoſe who are very regardleſs of their own. The firſt ſentence, therefore, the Goddeſs pronounced, was, (*In the ſame manner as the former edicts.*) "That all females addicted to cenſoriouſneſs and "detraction ſhould loſe the uſe of ſpeech;" a puniſhment which would be the moſt grievous to the offender, and (what ſhould be the end of all puniſhment) effectual for rooting out the crime. Upon this edict, which was as ſoon executed as publiſhed, the noiſe of the aſſembly very conſiderably abated. It was a melancholy ſpectacle to ſee ſo many who had the reputation of rigid virtue ſtruck dumb. A lady who ſtood by me, and ſaw my concern, told me, ſhe wondered how I could be concerned for ſuch —— I found, by the ſhaking of her head, ſhe was going to give me their characters; but by her ſaying no more, I perceived ſhe had loſt the command of her tongue. This calamity fell very heavy upon that part of women who are diſtinguiſhed by the name of Prudes, a courtly word for female hypocrites, who have a ſhort way to being virtuous, by ſhowing that others are vicious. (*Here follow two or three ſen-*

tences, parts of which vary a little from our determination of not admitting into this Miſcellany any coarſe or indelicate inſinuation that has a tendency to taint or corrupt the mind. With this confeſſion of our intention, we think ourſelves fully warranted in omitting them, (amounting in the whole to about twenty lines,) and ſhall immediately proceed to the concluſion of the Eſſay.)

This viſion laſted to my uſual hour of waking, which I did with ſome ſurpriſe, to find myſelf alone, after having been engaged almoſt a whole night in ſo prodigious a multitude. I could not but reflect with wonder, at the partiality and extravagance of my viſion; which, according to my thoughts, has not done juſtice to the ſex. If virtue in men is more venerable, it is in women more lovely; which Milton has very finely expreſſed in his Paradiſe Loſt, where Adam, ſpeaking of Eve, after having aſſerted his own pre-eminence, as being firſt in creation and internal faculties, breaks out in the following rapture: (*Whenever any paſſage or verſe from any of the poets is introduced into a proſe compoſition, you muſt give it conſiderably more grace and harmony of expreſſion than what you make uſe of in reading the latter, particularly at the very inſtant you ſtep from one to the other, as the contraſt is then more diſtinguiſhable, and infinitely increaſes the effect. There is a muſic and harmony in verſification, that muſt be particularly attended to in reading, which is leſs neceſſary in the peruſal of moſt proſe writings.*)

—Yet

——Yet when I approach
Her lovelineſs, ſo abſolute ſhe ſeems,
And in herſelf complete, ſo well to know
Her own, that what ſhe wills to do or ſay,
Seems wiſeſt, virtuouſeſt, diſcreeteſt, beſt.
All higher knowledge in her preſence falls
Degraded. Wiſdom, in diſcourſe with her,
Loſes, diſcountenanc'd, and like folly ſhows.
Authority and reaſon on her wait,
As one intended firſt, not after made
Occaſionally: And to conſummate all,
Greatneſs of mind and nobleneſs, their ſeat
Build in her loveliеſt, and create an awe
About her, as a guard angelic plac'd.

Our next ſtep ſhall be to preſent the reader with various examples for different ſpecies of reading, taken from ſeveral of our popular Plays. We are inclined to this, not only from the reflection, that in ſo doing we perform a neceſſary part of our duty, but alſo from the perſuaſion that we ſhall in the courſe of our progreſs be the means of improving thoſe who will take the trouble of following our inſtructions in a part of reading, in which very few, within our knowledge, ſo far from gaining the ſummit of excellence, have rarely reached the level of mediocrity. To enter nicely into the meaning, ſpirit, and effect of different characters, is indeed a taſk of no ſmall difficulty, and probably can be attained by only a favoured few whoſe genius particularly points to that object. Although this may doubtleſs be true, ſtill it does not follow, that conſiderable melioration may not be experienced by many, and that however juſtly they may deſpair of reaching perfection, ſtill they may be aſſured that ſome if not moſt of their defects may be got rid of by a little patience and perſeverance. We will therefore proceed with cheerfulneſs to thoſe endeavours which we flatter ourſelves will tend in a great meaſure to facilitate their labour.

We

We cannot commence this part of our work better than with Hamlet's well-known inſtructions to the Players. Begin it with an eaſy utterance, and a peculiar ſmoothneſs of tone, carefully avoiding thoſe jerks, and ſnaps of ſound, which ſo frequently diſguſt in moſt ſpeakers.

HAMLET.

SPEAK the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you trippingly on the tongue. (*The word* 'trippingly' *to be ſpoken in ſuch a manner as to bear an echo to its ſenſe.*) But if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town crier had ſpoke my lines. (*Pronounce* 'mouth' *as if ſpelt* mouthe.) And do not ſaw the air too much with your hands thus; (*Make a ſuitable motion with your hand.*) but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirlwind of paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. (*The words* 'torrent, tempeſt, whirlwind of paſſion,' *to be delivered progreſſively ſtronger; and then, falling into a lower key, finiſh the remainder of the ſentence in a ſoft, eaſy, gentle manner. Now break out into a ſudden unexpected riſe of voice.*) Oh! it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſteous periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings; who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb

dumb ſhows and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipp'd for o'erdoing termagant; it out-herods Herod. Pray you avoid it.

Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. (*To ſpeak the laſt ſentence in the manner which the ſenſe obviouſly points out, is what is moſt generally practiſed: and yet we always admire the method adopted by an elegant reader, whoſe acquaintance we are proud to poſſeſs, although contrary to the proper way that the period ſhould be pointed. He ſpeaks the words* 'be not too tame 'neither; but'—*in the ſame tone of voice, and pauſes after* 'but,' *as if apparently wanting expreſſions appoſite to his meaning. Then lowering the key in which he leaves off, he proceeds to finiſh the remainder of the words in ſuch a manner as if they ſufficiently explained the full force of his ideas.*) Suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance that you o'erſtep not the modeſty of nature; ('Special ob-'ſervance' *to be particularly marked.*) for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time its form and preſſure. (*The prepoſition* 'from' *is the emphatic word. Look up when ſpeaking the* 'mirror 'up to nature.' *Wind up the period with more impreſſion than you began it.*) Now this overdone or come tardy of, though it make the unſkilful laugh,

laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the cenſure of one of which muſt in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. (*Now break out into a ſudden riſe of voice as before recommended.*) Oh! there be players that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly, (not to ſpeak it profanely,) that, neither having the accent of Chriſtian, nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, or man, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of Nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably. (' Strutted and bellowed,' *in the ſame full pompous tone, as the cenſure points out to be erroneous. Pauſe after* ' bellowed,' *and ſpeak what remains of the ſentence eaſy and unreſtrained.*) And let thoſe that play your clowns ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them; for there be of them that will themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though in the mean time ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villanous; and ſhows a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. (*From the colon to be ſpoken with marks of indignation at the error pointed out.*)

THE cardinal fault of the generality of readers is that of accuſtoming themſelves to read every thing they meet with pretty nearly in the ſame tone, and conſequently ſo much monotony pervades throughout the whole of what they utter, that the ear is quite jaded with hearing identical ſounds ſo continually repeated, and the greateſt beauties, inſtead of affording pleaſure, thus become inſipid and diſguſting. This error is very often attended by one equally inſufferable, namely, that ſettled unmeaning compoſure of features, which retain their undiſturbed ſerenity alike in the delivery of a ſentence depicting the moſt perturbed paſſion, as one pourtraying the gentleſt emotion that can affect the human ſoul. To correct theſe intolerable practices, (we repeat the word practices, as we are convinced that what we condemn ariſes more from habit than from any other cauſe,) we know of no method better than the frequent peruſal of ſome of our dramatic authors, and more eſpecially the productions of the immortal *Shakſpeare*. Scenes in which ſome of the violent paſſions are called into action, are the beſt adapted for the purpoſe. It will not be expected in the reader that he ſhould enter into a theatrical exhibition of them, and give them that perſonation which we are uſed to ſee diſplayed on the ſtage. It is however neceſſary that he ſhould diſcriminate between the ſeveral parts he has to

read; give to each its peculiar look, voice, and manner; mark the tranſition from one ſentiment to another; although the whole need not be ſo forcibly delineated, or painted with ſuch ſtrength of colouring, as a public dramatic diſplay of the characters requires. The following ſcenes we think are excellently ſuited to the ſcholar's practice in order to obtain a variety and richneſs of tone, without which he can never expect to gratify himſelf, or afford any pleaſure to another by his delivery. The ſcene we ſhall firſt give preſents a fine tranſition, alternately from pain to pleaſure;—the one, occaſioned by Shylock being told of his daughter's extravagance; and the other, on his hearing the misfortunes of Antonio.

Give Shylock's firſt three queſtions he aſks Tubal, with a wild anxiety of look, hurried action, and voice conformable.

SHYLOCK.

How now, Tubal? What news from Genoa? Haſt thou heard of my daughter?

(*Give Tubal's character a kind of indifference, and in his ſpeeches there ought to be a coldneſs of reply to ſome of the queſtions the Jew puts to him, as if he wanted to plague him the more.*)

TUBAL.

I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

(*Now*

(*Now Shylock breaks out into an exclamation of miſery at this reply.*)

SHYLOCK.

Why there, there, there! a diamond gone that coſt me two thouſand ducats in Francfort! (*Endeavour to mould your features into an expreſſion of the utmoſt diſtreſs during the whole of this ſpeech.*) The curſe never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now. Two thouſand ducats in that, and other precious, precious jewels! (*Now caſt a fixed look upon the ground, depicting the moſt ſavage ferocity. Lower your voice.*) I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! (*Here break forth again into your former tone of exclamation.*) O would ſhe were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them; and I know not what's ſpent in the ſearch: loſs upon loſs! the thief gone with ſo much, and ſo much to find the thief; and no ſatisfaction, no revenge; no ill luck ſtirring but what lights on my ſhoulders; no ſighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my ſhedding! (*From the words* 'but what 'lights,' *&c. to the end of the ſpeech, in a heart-breaking pathetic tone, which introduces with great effect what Shylock next ſays.*)

TUBAL.

Yes, other men have ill luck too; Antonio, as I heard in Genoa——

(*Now call up a ſmile of great ſatisfaction into your countenance.*)

SHYLOCK.

SHYLOCK.

What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL.

Hath an Argozie caſt away, coming from Tripoli.

(*Upon this news Shylock burſts out into an exclamation of delight.*)

SHYLOCK.

Thank God! thank God! is it true? is it true?

TUBAL.

I ſpoke with ſome of the ſailors that eſcaped the wreck.

(*The next reply of Shylock in a manner expreſſive of the utmoſt joy and ſatisfaction.*)

SHYLOCK.

I thank thee, good Tubal; good news, good news!

TUBAL.

Your daughter ſpent in Genoa, as I heard, in one night, fourſcore ducats.

(*Now Shylock's former miſery returns, which creates a contraſt highly intereſting. He burſts forth into the utmoſt apparent agony.*)

SHYLOCK.

Thou ſtick'ſt a dagger in me; I ſhall never ſee my gold again: fourſcore ducats at a ſitting! fourſcore ducats!

TUBAL.

There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that ſwear he cannot but break.

(*Here he returns to the great ſatisfaction he felt before.—Theſe tranſitions muſt be well preſerved by the reader.*)

SHYLOCK.

I am glad of it: I'll plague him, I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUBAL.

One of them ſhewed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey.

(*Now comes another tranſition.*)

SHYLOCK.

Out upon her! thou tortureſt me, Tubal! it was my turquoiſe: I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor; I would not have given it for a wilderneſs of monkies.

TUBAL.

But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK.

SHYLOCK.

Nay, that's true, that's very true: go, fee me an officer; beſpeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandize I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our ſynagogue; go, good Tubal; at our ſynagogue, Tubal. (*There muſt be a kind of exceſs of ſavage joy in your manner of delivering the whole of the preceding ſpeech, and thoſe expreſſive of the ſame ſenſation. We do not mean to ſay, that you, as a reader, are to enter into a full and complete perſonation of the paſſion in the way an actor would attempt on the ſtage. We have ſtated this before to be by no means neceſſary, although you muſt nicely and delicately mark in your reading the tranſition from one ſentiment to another, with a proper variety of tone and look.*)

SCENE *between* IAGO *and* CASSIO, *in which the latter bewails his Folly in getting drunk.*

(*The contraſt between the diſturbed ſtate of mind of Caſſio, and the cool and ſteady roguery of Iago, muſt be particularly marked. Diſcriminate the unſuſpecting conduct of one, from the inſidious and apparent friendly advice of the other.*)

IAGO.

What! are you hurt, Lieutenant?

CASSIO,

(*with the utmoſt diſtreſs of mind, replies,*)

Paſt all ſurgery.

IAGO

(*then ſays, with a kind of affected apprehenſion,*)

Marry, heaven forbid!

CASSIO.

(*With the greateſt uneaſineſs.*)

Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh I have loſt my reputation! I have loſt the immortal part of myſelf, and what remains is beſtial. My reputation! Iago, my reputation——

(*The exceſs of diſquietude with which Caſſio is oppreſſed, introduces with excellent effect Iago's anſwers.*)

IAGO.

As I am an honeſt man, I thought you had received ſome bodily wound: (*Mark the word* 'bo-'dily.') there is more ſenſe in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and moſt falſe impoſition: oft got without merit, and loſt without deſerving. What, man!—there are ways to recover the general again. Sue to him, and he's yours. (*Speak the word* 'reputation' *in the above ſpeech with the utmoſt contempt.*)

CASSIO.

CASSIO.

I will rather ſue to be deſpiſed—drunk! and ſquabble! ſwagger! ſwear! and diſcourſe fuſtian with one's own ſhadow! Oh thou invincible ſpirit of wine! If thou haſt no name to be known by, let us call thee Devil.

IAGO.

What was he that you followed with your ſword? what had he done to you?

CASSIO.

I know not.

IAGO.

Is it poſſible?

CASSIO.

I remember a maſs of things, but nothing diſtinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men ſhould put an enemy in their mouths to ſteal away their brains! that we ſhould, with joy, pleaſance, revel, and applauſe, transform ourſelves into beaſts!

IAGO.

Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recovered?

CASSIO.

It has pleaſed the devil Drunkenneſs to give place to the devil Wrath; one imperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe myſelf.

IAGO.

Come, you are too ſevere a moraller. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen; but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

CASSIO.

I will aſk him for my place again—he ſhall tell me I am a drunkard!—Had I as many mouths as Hydra, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!——Every inordinate cup is unbleſt, and the ingredient is a devil. (*Keep up, by your look, voice, and manner, the expreſſion of Caſſio's uneaſineſs.*)

IAGO.

Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well uſed; exclaim no more againſt it. And, good Lieutenant, I think you think I love you. (*Before you begin the preceding ſentence make a conſiderable pauſe, and with ſignificant looks prepare*

prepare the hearer for ſomething important to be communicated.)

CASSIO.

I have well approv'd it, Sir.——I drunk!

IAGO.

You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do. Our general's wife is now the general. Confeſs yourſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſt a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted. This broken joint between you and her huſband, entreat her to ſplinter it; and, my fortunes againſt any lay worth naming, this crack of your love ſhall grow ſtronger than it was before. (*Let the delivery of the preceding advice poſſeſs all the apparent ſincerity of friendſhip; but if you occaſionally, by an intelligent look, raiſe a ſuſpicion in the mind of the hearer of the honeſty and purity of your motives, the author's meaning will be given with its proper force.*)

CASSIO,

(*with the unſuſpecting nature of a good man, ſays in reply,*)

You adviſe me well.

IAGO.

I proteſt, in the ſincerity of love and honeſt kindneſs. (*There ought to be a kind of fawning ex-*

preſſion diſcovered through Iago's profeſſions of regard, particularly in his laſt ſpeech.)

CASSIO.

I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beſeech the virtuous Deſdemona to undertake for me.

IAGO.

You are in the right. Good night, Lieutenant: I muſt to the watch.

CASSIO.

Good night, honeſt Iago.

THERE is a low tone of voice that it is abſolutely neceſſary every perſon ſhould be maſter of who wiſhes to arrive to any degree of perfection in the art of reading or ſpeaking. Occaſionally to call it into practice as you proceed, gives an infinite variety and richneſs to what you utter, and adds nerve to parts which require a manly and forcible delivery. In order to gain a perfect command of it, and thereby rid your voice of that tenuity or feebleneſs, which perhaps ariſes more from habit than from any other cauſe, you ought frequently to read pieces where it may be uſed with propriety, and where a continuance of it cannot be diſpenſed with. For this purpoſe we will preſent the ſcholar with a ſcene between Prince

Prince Henry and Falſtaff, in which the latter is detected in a number of falſities. It is replete with the moſt luxuriant humour, but which it cannot be expected you, as a reader, are to deliver with all its full dramatic force and effect.

Try to give as much mellowneſs to the low key in which it is proper for you to repeat what Falſtaff ſays, as you poſſibly can.—The gay ſprightlineſs of the Prince of Wales muſt be hit off with a neat elegance of delivery; and his manner of thus expreſſing himſelf forms a contraſt highly pleaſing to that of the witty Knight.

P. HENRY.

Welcome, Jack!—where haſt thou been?

FALSTAFF.

(*Throw an angry ſulkineſs into your looks. Your voice, as before adviſed, low and mellow.*)

A plague of all cowards, I ſay, and a vengeance too, marry and amen! Give me a cup of ſack, boy: ere I lead this life long, I'll ſew nether ſocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of ſack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? (*He drinks.*) You rogue, here is lime in this ſack. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worſe than a cup of ſack with lime in it. A villanous coward! Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a ſhotten herring.

herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat, and grows old, Heaven help the while! A bad world! I ſay. I would I were a weaver, I could ſing pſalms, and all manner of ſongs. A plague of all cowards! I ſay ſtill.

P. HENRY.

How now, woolſack! what mutter you?

FALSTAFF.

A king's ſon! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy ſubjects before thee like a flock of wild geeſe, I'll never wear hair on my face more! You Prince of Wales! (*All this with the utmoſt contempt.*)

P. HENRY.

Why, what's the matter?

FALSTAFF.

Are you not a coward? anſwer me that.

P. HENRY.

Ye fat paunch, an' ye call me coward, I'll ſtab thee. (*The Prince is hurt at this imputation, and you muſt therefore give a conſiderable ſpirit of anger to his laſt ſpeech.*)

FALSTAFF.

I call thee coward! I'll ſee thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thouſand pounds I could run as faſt as thou canſt. (*Mark the word* 'run.') You are ſtrait enough in the ſhoulders; you

you care not who ſees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon ſuch backing! give me them that will face me—Give me a cup of ſack—I am a rogue if I drunk to-day. (*Throw a ſwaggering, bragging ſomething into whatever Falſtaff ſays of his own valour.*)

P. HENRY.

O villain! thy lips are ſcarce wip'd ſince thou drunk'ſt laſt.

FALSTAFF.

All's one for that. A plague of all cowards! ſtill, ſay I.

P. HENRY.

What's the matter?

FALSTAFF.

What's the matter! (*To be delivered as if aping the Prince's manner.*) Here be four of us have ta'en a thouſand pound this morning.

P. HENRY,

(*with the greateſt eagerneſs, ſays,*)

Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FALSTAFF.

Where is it! taken from us, it is: a hundred upon four of us. (*Mark particularly the word* 'from.')

P. HENRY.

What! a hundred, man!

FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF.

I am a rogue if I were not at half-ſword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have eſcaped by miracle. I am eight times thruſt through the doublet, four through the hoſe, my buckler cut through and through, my ſword hacked like a hand-ſaw, *ecce ſignum!*—I never dealt better ſince I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards! (*Make as much as you can of Falſtaff's vaunting of his own deeds.*)

P. HENRY.

What, fought you with them all?

FALSTAFF.

All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radiſh: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then I am no two-legg'd creature.

P. HENRY.

Pray Heaven you have not murdered ſome of them!

FALSTAFF.

Nay, that's paſt praying for. I have peppered two of them; two, I am ſure I have paid; two rogues in buckram ſuits. I tell thee what, Hal; if I tell thee a lie, ſpit in my face, call me horſe. Thou knoweſt my old ward: here I lay; and thus I bore my

my point: four rogues in buckram let drive at me. (*If you enter fully into this fine luxuriant piece of humour, you will be able to adminiſter, even as a reader, a conſiderable portion of entertainment to your hearers.*)

P. HENRY.

What, four? thou ſaidſt but two, even now.

FALSTAFF.

Four, Hal, I told thee four—Theſe four came all afront, and mainly thruſt at me: I made no more ado, but all their ſeven points in my target, thus.

P. HENRY.

Seven? why there were but four even now.

FALSTAFF.

In buckram?

P. HENRY.

Ay, four, in buckram ſuits.

FALSTAFF.

Seven by theſe hilts, or I am a villain elſe. Doſt thou hear me, Hal?——

P. HENRY.

Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FALSTAFF.

FALSTAFF.

Do ſo, for it is worth the liſtening to: theſe nine in buckram, that I told thee of———

P. HENRY.

So, two more already.

FALSTAFF.

Their points being broken, began to give me ground; but I followed 'em cloſe, came in foot and hand, and, with a thought—ſeven of the eleven I paid. (*In this ingenious and diverting exaggeration of Falſtaff's, you ought, as you proceed in the peruſal of it, to glow in expreſſion, and imbibe as much of its true ſpirit and humour as you poſſibly can. By ſo doing, you cannot fail, in the attempt, of affording infinite entertainment.*)

P. HENRY.

O monſtrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two!

FALSTAFF.

But as the devil would have it, three miſbegotten knaves, in Kendal-green, came at my back, and let drive at me (for it was ſo dark, Hal, thou couldſt not ſee thy hand).

P. HENRY.

Theſe lies are like the father that begets them, groſs as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou

clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou obſcene greaſy tallow-catch——

FALSTAFF.

What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

P. HENRY.

Why, how couldſt thou know theſe men in Kendal-green, when it was ſo dark thou couldſt not ſee thy hand? Come, tell us your reaſon: what ſay'ſt thou to this? Come, your reaſon, Jack, your reaſon.

FALSTAFF.

What, upon compulſion! No: were I at the ſtrappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulſion! Give you a reaſon on compulſion! If reaſons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reaſon upon compulſion: I?

P. HENRY.

I'll be no longer guilty of this ſin. This ſanguine coward, this bed-preſſer, this horſe-back-breaker, this huge hill of fleſh——

FALSTAFF.

Away, you ſtarveling, you elf-ſkin, you dry'd neat's tongue, you ſtock-fiſh! O for breath to utter what is like thee? You taylor's yard, you ſheath, you box-caſe, you vile ſtanding tuck———

P. HENRY.

P. HENRY.

Well, breathe a while, and then to't again: and when thou haſt tired thyſelf in baſe compariſons, hear me ſpeak but this:—(*Give the following account by the Prince, of the buſineſs which Falſtaff ſo entirely mis-ſtated, in a clear diſtinct manner.*) Poins and I ſaw you four ſet on four; you bound them, and were maſters of their wealth: mark now, how a plain tale ſhall put you down. Then did we two ſet on you four, and with a word out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea and can ſhew it you here in the houſe. And, Falſtaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and ſtill ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a ſlave art thou, to hack thy ſword as thou haſt done, and then ſay it was in fight! What trick, what device, what ſtarting hole canſt thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent ſhame? (*You ought here to make a conſiderable pauſe before you deliver Falſtaff's anſwer, and in the mean time let the hearer know, by an entire change of your looks, that ſomething important is coming.*)

FALSTAFF.

Ha! ha! ha!—D'ye think I did not know ye? By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my maſter, was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why thou knoweſt I am as valiant as Hercules:

Hercules: but beware inſtinct; the lion will not touch the true prince; inſtinct is a great matter. I was a coward on inſtinct, I grant you; and I ſhall think better of myſelf and thee during my life; I for a valiant lion, and thou for a true prince. But I am glad you have the money. Let us clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. What, ſhall we be merry? ſhall we have a play extempore?

P. HENRY.

Content! and the argument ſhall be, thy running away.

FALSTAFF.

Ah!—no more of that, Hal, if thou loveſt me.

The preceding ſcene abounds with humour of the moſt exquiſite kind, and is ever ſure of being highly entertaining, if read with propriety. If the ſcholar pleaſe himſelf, and thoſe who are liſtening to him, in the peruſal, he may be aſſured it will be within the ſcope of his powers to execute any other part in which the witty Knight is concerned, with equal ſucceſs.

IN reading the following ſcenes, taken from that excellent comedy intitled the "Provoked Huſband," by Sir JOHN VANBURGH and COLLEY CIBBER, you muſt endeavour to aſſume much of the gentleman

in your whole look and manner. Let your voice be particularly clear, and your articulation very diſtinct. There muſt not be the ſmalleſt heavineſs in your expreſſion, but give it a colloquial eaſe and fluency, at the ſame time preſerving in the part of Lord Townly that weight and dignity ſuitable to his character. Moſt of what her Ladyſhip ſays you ought to read with a kind of light, airy, elegant indifference; and, in ſome parts of her replies to his Lordſhip, a ſmart, pointed delivery will give them full force and effect.

Enter LADY TOWNLY, LORD TOWNLY *following.*

(*Let there be a ſomething ruffled and diſturbed in your manner as you begin this ſcene.*)

LADY TOWNLY.

Well! look you, my lord; I can bear it no longer! nothing ſtill but about my faults; my faults! an agreeable ſubject truly!

LORD TOWNLY.

Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to ſee you mend them?

LADY TOWNLY.

Why, I don't intend to mend them—I can't mend them—you know I have try'd to do it an hundred times, and—it hurts me ſo—I can't bear it!

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuſe of your time and character.

LADY TOWNLY.

Abuſe! aſtoniſhing! when the univerſe knows I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to: But ſee this world, that man can never get over that ſilly ſpirit of contradiction——Why but laſt Thurſday now—there you wiſely mended one of my faults, as you call them—you inſiſted upon my not going to the maſquerade—and pray what was the conſequence? was I not quite croſs all the night after? was I not forced to get company at home? and was it not almoſt three o'clock in the morning before I was able to come to myſelf again? and then the fault is not mended neither—for next time, I ſhall only have twice the inclination to go: ſo that all this mending and mending, you ſee, is but dearning an old ruffle, to make it worſe than it was before.

LORD TOWNLY.

Well, the manner of women's living of late is inſupportable: and one way or other——

LADY TOWNLY.

It's to be mended, I ſuppoſe; why ſo it may; but then, my dear lord, you muſt give one time—

and when things are at worſt, you know, they may mend themſelves; ha, ha!

(*His Lordſhip begins now to be more ſerious, and he delivers his replies with a contracted brow, and with a manly determined tone.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

Madam, I am not in a humour now to trifle.

LADY TOWNLY.

Why then, my lord, one word of fair argument —to talk with you your own way now—You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones—ſo far are we even, you'll allow—but, pray, which gives us the beſt figure in the eye of the polite world? my active, ſpirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowſy eleven at night? Now, I think, one has the air of a woman of quality, and t'other of a plodding mechanic that goes to bed betimes that he may riſe early to open his ſhop—Faugh!

LORD TOWNLY.

Fy, fy, madam! is this your way of reaſoning? 'tis time to wake you then——'tis not your ill hours alone that diſturb me, but as often the ill company that occaſion thoſe ill hours. (*Whatever Lord Townly now ſays there is a manly reſentment againſt the conduct of his Lady, that you muſt particularly mark.*)

LADY

LADY TOWNLY.

Sure I don't underſtand you now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

LORD TOWNLY.

Why, at beſt, women that loſe their money, and men that win it; or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes a lady will give them fair play at another. Then that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and ſharpers in embroidery—or what, to me, is ſtill more ſhocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-ear'd coxcombs, who are ſo often like monkeys there would be no knowing them aſunder, but that their tails hang from their head, and the monkey's grows where it ſhould do.

LADY TOWNLY.

And a huſband muſt give evident proof of his ſenſe that thinks their powder-puffs dangerous.

LORD TOWNLY.

Their being fools, madam, is not always the huſband's ſecurity: or if it were, fortune, ſometimes, gives them advantages might make a thinking woman tremble. (*Speak the latter part of the preceding ſentence with a ſignificant look, as the inſinuation which it contains will thereby be more forcibly given.*

Your own judgment will, no doubt, find out many places where this may be practiſed with effect.)

LADY TOWNLY.

What do you mean?

LORD TOWNLY.

(*The whole of the following ſpeech in the manner above recommended.*)

That women ſometimes loſe more than they are able to pay; and if a creditor be a little preſſing, the lady may be reduced to try if, inſtead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

LADY TOWNLY.

My lord, you grow ſcurrilous; you'll make me hate you. I'll have you to know I keep company with the politeſt people in town, and the aſſemblies I frequent are full of ſuch.

LORD TOWNLY.

So are the churches—now and then. (*Take care that you mark the breaks you meet with, for, when properly managed, they are capable of being made much of.*)

LADY TOWNLY.

My friends frequent them too, as well as the aſſemblies.

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

Yes, and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers there were allowed to furniſh cards to the company.

LADY TOWNLY.

I ſee what you drive at all this while: you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice! I might take any pleaſures, I find, that were not expenſive.

LORD TOWNLY.

Have a care, madam; don't let me think you only value your chaſtity to make me reproachable for not indulging you in every thing elſe that's vicious—I, madam, have a reputation, too, to guard, that's dear to me as yours.——The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wiſeſt man uneaſy; but 'tis his own fault if ever they make him contemptible.

LADY TOWNLY.

My lord, you would make a woman mad!

LORD TOWNLY.

You'd make a man a fool.

LADY TOWNLY.

If Heaven hath made you otherwiſe, that won't be in my power.

LORD TOWNLY.

Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at leaſt.

LADY TOWNLY.

A beggar! Crœſus! I'm out of patience! I won't come home 'till four to-morrow morning.

LORD TOWNLY.

That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve.

LADY TOWNLY.

Then I won't come home 'till to-morrow night.

LORD TOWNLY,

(*in a burſt of paſſion, exclaims,*)

Then, madam——you ſhall never come home again. (*Exit* LORD TOWNLY.)

LADY TOWNLY.

What does he mean? I never heard ſuch a word from him in my life before! the man always uſed to have manners, in his worſt humours; there's ſomething I don't ſee at the bottom of all this—— but his head's always upon ſome impracticable ſcheme or other, ſo I won't trouble mine any longer about him.

The

The other ſcene from the ſame play, which we are now going to give, is peculiarly intereſting, and in many parts moſt forcibly appeals to the feelings. Indeed few, we are perſuaded, could peruſe ſome of the ſentiments expreſſed at the intended parting of Lord Townly and his lady without being ſenſibly affected. We ſhall point out thoſe places where the pathetic may be called forth to the greateſt advantage, and practiſed with irreſiſtible force. You muſt begin the ſcene with the manly tone of an irritated gentleman.

LORD *and* LADY TOWNLY.

(*Let your looks aſſume a ſteady determination.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

How comes it, madam, that a tradeſman dares be clamorous, in my houſe, for money due to him from you?

LADY TOWNLY.

You don't expect, my lord, that I ſhould anſwer for other people's impertinence?

LORD TOWNLY.

I expect, madam, you ſhould anſwer for your own extravagances that are the occaſion of it—I thought I had given you money three months ago to ſatisfy all theſe ſort of people.

LADY TOWNLY.

Yes, but you ſee they are never to be ſatisfied.

LORD TOWNLY.

Nor am I, madam, longer to be abuſed thus! What's become of the laſt five hundred I gave you?

LADY TOWNLY.

Gone.

LORD TOWNLY.

Gone! what way, madam?

LADY TOWNLY.

Half the town over, I believe, by this time.

LORD TOWNLY.

'Tis well; I ſee ruin will make no impreſſion till it falls upon you.

LADY TOWNLY.

In ſhort, my lord, if money is always the ſubject of our converſation, I ſhall make you no anſwer.

LORD TOWNLY.

Madam, madam! I will be heard, and make you anſwer.

LADY

LADY TOWNLY.

Make me! then I muſt tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been uſed to, and I won't bear it.

LORD TOWNLY.

Come, come, madam, you ſhall bear a great deal more before I part with you.

LADY TOWNLY.

My lord, if you inſult me, you will have as much to bear on your ſide, I can aſſure you.

LORD TOWNLY.

Pooh! your ſpirit grows ridiculous—you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to ſupport it!

LADY TOWNLY.

You'll find, at leaſt, I have reſentment, and do you look well to the provocation.

LORD TOWNLY.

After thoſe you have given me, madam, 'tis almoſt infamous to talk with you.

LADY TOWNLY.

I ſcorn your imputation, and your menaces: the narrowneſs of your heart's your monitor; 'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded; you have leſs to complain of than many huſbands of an equal rank to you.

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

Death! Madam, do you preſume upon your corporal merit, that your perſon's leſs tainted than your mind; is it there, there alone, an honeſt huſband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debaſe your birth, or ſtain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, huſband, fortune, family diſclaimed, for nights conſumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more; if ſhe conceals her ſhame, does leſs: and ſure the diſſolute avowed as ſorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

LADY TOWNLY.

I ſee, my lord, what ſort of wife might pleaſe you.

LORD TOWNLY.

Ungrateful woman! could you have ſeen yourſelf, you in yourſelf had ſeen her.—I am amazed our legiſlature has left no precedent of a divorce for this more viſible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the perſon! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleaſures I have no ſhare in, what is't to me whether a black ace or a powdered coxcomb has poſſeſſion of it?

LADY TOWNLY.

If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get poſſeſſion of mine, depend upon it.

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

That, madam, I have long deſpaired of; and ſince our happineſs cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that with our hearts our perſons too ſhould ſeparate—This houſe you ſleep no more in.—Though your content might groſsly feed upon the diſhonour of a huſband, yet my deſires would ſtarve upon the features of a wife.

(Throughout the whole of what we have already given of this ſcene there is a manly and ſteady reſentment in the ſeveral replies Lord Townly makes to his Lady, that you muſt particularly mark. We ſhall ſhortly come to the pathetic parts.

LADY TOWNLY.

Your ſtyle, my lord, is much of the ſame delicacy with your ſentiments of honour.

LORD TOWNLY.

Madam, madam! this is no time for compliments——I have done with you.

LADY TOWNLY.

If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it: but have a care; I may not, perhaps, be ſo eaſily recalled as you imagine.

LORD TOWNLY.

Recalled!——Who's there? (*Enter a Servant.*) Deſire my ſiſter and Mr. Manly to walk up.

LADY

LADY TOWNLY.

My lord, you may proceed as you pleaſe; but, pray, what indiſcretions have I committed that are not daily practiſed by a hundred other women of quality?

LORD TOWNLY.

'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a huſband leſs contemptible: and though a bad one may be the beſt man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps her within.

LADY TOWNLY.

I don't know what figure you may make, my lord, but I ſhall have no reaſon to be aſhamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

LORD TOWNLY.

Be ſparing of your ſpirit, madam, you'll need it to ſupport you.

Enter LADY GRACE *and* MANLY.

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendſhip to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

MANLY.

Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

Siſter, I have the ſame excuſe to entreat of you too.

LADY GRACE.

To your requeſt, I beg, my lord.

(*Open the firſt mention to them of his Lordſhip's intention of parting with his Lady, with great deliberation and effect.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

Thus then,——as you both were preſent at my ill-conſidered marriage, I now deſire you each will be a witneſs of my determined ſeparation.—— (*Here make a conſiderable pauſe, that the act intended to be executed may dwell with proper weight upon the mind. Mark particularly the word* 'ſeparation.') I know, ſir, your good nature and my ſiſter's muſt be ſhocked at the office I impoſe on you; but, as I don't aſk your juſtification of my cauſe, ſo I hope you are conſcious—that ill woman can't reproach you, if you are ſilent, upon her ſide.

MANLY.

My lord, I never thought till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

LADY GRACE.

Heavens! how I tremble! (*Aſide.*)

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them—For the good lord your dead father's ſake, I will ſtill ſupport you as his daughter.—As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond huſband could beſtow, and (to our mutual ſhame I ſpeak it) more than happy wives deſire.——But thoſe indulgences muſt end; ſtate, equipage, and ſplendor but ill become the vices that miſuſe 'em.—The decent neceſſaries of life ſhall be ſupplied,—but not one article to luxury! not even the coach that waits to carry you from hence ſhall you ever uſe again! Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning has conſented to receive you; where, if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance ſhall be increaſed. ——But if you ſtill are laviſh of your little, or pine for paſt licentious pleaſures, that little ſhall be leſs; nor will I call that ſoul my friend that names you in my hearing.

LADY GRACE.

My heart bleeds for her. (*Aſide.*)

(*Now Lord Townly melts into the pathetic. Let your features be affectingly ſerious, in order to keep in uniſon with the tone of your voice. Do not let your pathos*

pathos dwindle to a childiſh whimper, but give it a tone of manly feeling.)

LORD TOWNLY.

O Manly, look there; turn back thy thoughts with me, and witneſs to my growing love; there was a time when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay: there I propoſed the partner of an eaſy home; there I for ever hoped to find a cheerful companion, an agreeable intimate, a faithful friend, a uſeful helpmate, and a tender mother. ——But, oh, how bitter now the diſappointment!

MANLY.

The world is different in its ſenſe of happineſs. Offended as you are, I know you will ſtill be juſt.

LORD TOWNLY.

Fear me not.

MANLY.

This laſt reproach, I ſee, has ſtruck her. (*Aſide.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

No, let me not, (though I this moment caſt her from my heart for ever,) let me not urge her puniſhment beyond her crimes.——I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of ſcandal: and as I am conſcious ſeverities of this kind ſeldom fail of imputations too groſs to mention, I here,

before you both, acquit her of the leaſt ſuſpicion raiſed againſt the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be queſtioned, do her fame that juſtice.

LADY TOWNLY.

O ſiſter! (*Turns to* LADY GRACE, *weeping.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

When I am ſpoken of, where without favour this action may be canvaſs'd, relate but half my provocations, and give me up to cenſure. (*Going.*)

LADY TOWNLY.

Support me, ſave me, hide me from the world!
(*Falls on* LADY GRACE's *neck.*)

LORD TOWNLY. (*Returning.*)

—I had forgot me — You have no ſhare in my reſentment; therefore, as you have lived in friendſhip with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than ſuit the honour of an injured huſband. (*Offers to go out.*)

MANLY. (*Interpoſing.*)

My lord, you muſt not, ſhall not leave her thus: one moment's ſtay can do your cauſe no wrong. If looks can ſpeak the anguiſh of the heart, I'll anſwer with my life, there's ſomething labouring in

in her mind, that, would you bear the hearing, might deſerve it.

LORD TOWNLY.

Conſider, ſince we no more can meet; preſs not my ſtaying to inſult her.

(*You muſt deliver what Lady Townly is now going to ſay, in a manner expreſſive of the moſt ſincere contrition for her paſt conduct. A good deal of the pathos muſt be made uſe of, but blend great delicacy of expreſſion with it.*)

LADY TOWNLY.

Yet ſtay, my lord,——the little I would ſay, will not deſerve any inſult; and, undeſerved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends to witneſs your reſentment, let them be equal hearers of my laſt reply.

LORD TOWNLY.

I ſhan't refuſe you that, madam.——Be it ſo.

LADY TOWNLY.

My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, ſo, when you hear the ſtory of my heart, though you may ſtill complain, you will not wonder at my coldneſs.

LADY GRACE.

This promiſes a reverſe of temper. (*Apart.*)

MANLY.

This, my lord, you are concerned to hear.

LORD TOWNLY.

Proceed, I am attentive.

LADY TOWNLY.

Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glaſs, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my ſlaves; I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleaſure was their pain: yet was my own ſo equally inſenſible to all, that when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even then declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth. His tender care, my lord, directed him to you. Our hands were joined! but ſtill my heart was wedded to its folly! My only joy was power, command, ſociety, profuſeneſs, and to lead in pleaſures! The huſband's right to rule, I thought a vulgar law, which only the deformed or meanly ſpirited obeyed! I knew no directors but my paſſions, no maſter but my will! Even you, my lord, ſometimes overcome by love, were pleaſed with my delights, nor then foreſaw this miſuſe of your indulgence.—And though I call myſelf ungrateful, while I own it, yet as a truth it cannot be denied——that kind indulgence has undone me; it added ſtrength to my

my habitual failings, and in a heart thus warm, in wild unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler ſenſe of love was loſt.

LORD TOWNLY.

O Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried? (*Apart.*)

MANLY.

If yet recoverable——how vaſt a treaſure! (*Apart.*)

LADY TOWNLY.

What I have ſaid, my lord, is not my excuſe, but my confeſſion! My errors (give them, if you pleaſe, a harder name) cannot be defended. No! what's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate, no plea can alter! What then remains in my condition but reſignation to your pleaſure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: Therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveneſs, I dare not hope for pardon. The penance of a lonely contrite life were little to the innocent; but to have deſerved this ſeparation will ſtrew perpetual thorns upon my pillow.

LADY GRACE.

O happy, heavenly hearing!

LADY TOWNLY.

Siſter, farewel. (*Kiſſing her.*) Your virtue needs no warning from the ſhame that falls on me:

but when you think I have atoned my follies paſt—perſuade your injured brother to forgive them.

(*The preceding confeſſion of Lady Townly's errors muſt not be paſt over lightly, but given in the manner we have already recommended. Now Lord Townly burſts forth into a glow of ſatisfaction at this pleaſing change in his wife.*)

LORD TOWNLY.

No, madam, your errors thus renounced, this inſtant are forgotten; ſo deep, ſo due a ſenſe of them, has made you what my utmoſt wiſhes formed, and all my heart has ſighed for.

LADY TOWNLY (*turning to* LADY GRACE).

How odious does this goodneſs make me!

LADY GRACE.

How amiable your thinking ſo!

LORD TOWNLY.

Long-parted friends, that paſs through eaſy voyages of life, receive but common gladneſs in their meeting: but from a ſhipwreck ſaved, we mingle tears with our embraces.

(*Embracing* LADY TOWNLY.)

LADY TOWNLY.

What works, what love, what duty can pay ſuch obligations?

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

Preſerve but this deſire to pleaſe, your power is endleſs.

LADY TOWNLY.

Oh!——till this moment never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you.

LORD TOWNLY.

By heaven, this yielding hand, when firſt it gave you to my wiſhes, preſented not a treaſure more deſirable! O Manly! ſiſter! as you have often ſhared in my diſquiet, partake of my felicity, my new-born joy! ſee in her the bride of my deſires! This may be called my wedding-day.

(*You ought to give what Lord Townly ſays, ſince the reconciliation, a kind of rapturous expreſſion. This forms a pleaſimg contraſt to what has gone before. By giving this variety to your reading, you will always be ſure of keeping up the attention of the hearer, and do full juſtice to your author.*)

LADY GRACE.

Siſter, (for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever,) let me congratulate the happineſs that opens to you.

MANLY.

Long, long and mutual may it flow!

LORD

LORD TOWNLY.

To make our happineſs complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand that amply will repay the obligation.

LADY TOWNLY.

Siſter, a day like this——

LADY GRACE.

Admits of no excuſe againſt the general joy!
(*Gives her hand to* MANLY.)

MANLY.

A joy like mine deſpairs of words to ſpeak it?

LORD TOWNLY.

O Manly! how the name of friend endears the brother! (*Embracing him.*)

MANLY.

Your words, my lord, will warm me to deſerve them.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.

My lord, the apartments are full of maſqueraders—And ſome people of quality there deſire to ſee your lordſhip and my lady.

LADY

LADY TOWNLY.

I thought, my lord, your orders had forbid this revelling?

LORD TOWNLY.

No, my dear, Manly has desired their admittance to-night, it seems, upon a particular occasion.—Say we will wait upon them instantly. (*Exit* Servant.)

LADY TOWNLY.

I shall be but ill company to them.

LORD TOWNLY.

No matter: not to see them, would on a sudden be too particular——Lady Grace will assist you to entertain them.

LADY TOWNLY.

With her, my lord, I shall be always easy.—— Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days——

Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,
But where your guarded innocence shall lead.
For in the married state, the world must own,
Divided happiness was never known.
To make it mutual, nature points the way:
Let husbands govern; gentle wives obey. (*Exeunt.*)

(*When you are reading prose, and a few lines of poetry are introduced as above, you ought to give the latter*

latter a more muſical tone, and a ſomething more mellifluous than the former. There is this difference in metrical compoſitions and thoſe of proſe—the regularity of numbers in the firſt are expected to ſound more harmoniouſly than the looſe unreſtrained freedom of expreſſion in the latter. This, of courſe, muſt be attended to in the delivery when paſſing from one to the other.)

THE END.